KIPLING'S SUSSEX

R. THURSTON HOPKINS

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KIPLING'S SUSSEX

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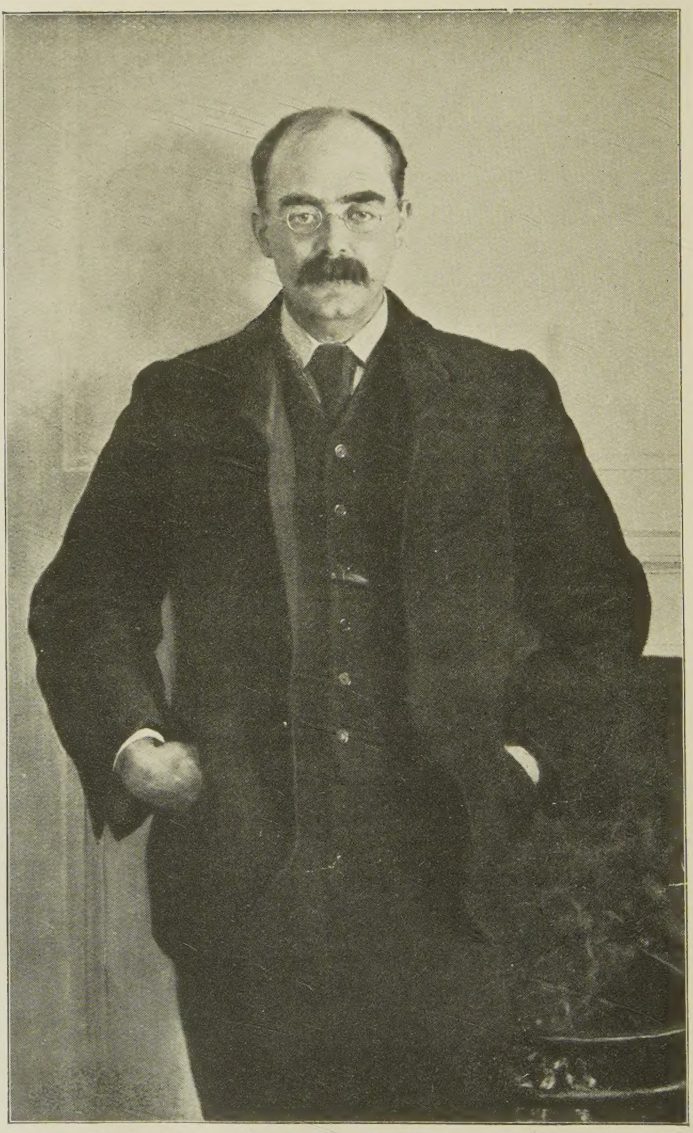

RUDYARD KIPLING [*Frontispiece*
By the Hon. John Collier

KIPLING'S SUSSEX

BY

R. THURSTON HOPKINS

AUTHOR OF "RUDYARD KIPLING: A LITERARY APPRECIATION," ETC.

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NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1921

Printed in Great Britain by
Wyman & Sons Ltd., London, Reading and Fakenham.

" Goodfellow, Puck and goblins,
Know more than any book.
Down with your doleful problems,
And court the sunny brook.
The south-winds are quick-witted,
The schools are sad and slow,
The masters quite omitted
The lore we care to know."

EMERSON'S " APRIL."

17820

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION - - - - - 9

CHAPTER I

RAMBLES ABOUT BURWASH - - - 21

CHAPTER II

NORTHIAM - - - - - - - 49

CHAPTER III

WINCHELSEA - - - - - - - 61

CHAPTER IV

ROUND ABOUT RYE - - - - 69

CHAPTER V

OUT-LYING VILLAGES AT BEXHILL - - 99

CHAPTER VI

PEVENSEY - - - - - - - 111

CHAPTER VII

THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON - - 125

CHAPTER VIII

PAGE

SEAFORD AND THE VALLEY OF THE CUCKMERE - - - - - - - - 135

CHAPTER IX

NEWHAVEN AS A CENTRE - - - - - 153

CHAPTER X

A VISIT TO LEWES - - - - - - - 163

CHAPTER XI

NEAR WORTHING - - - - - - - 185

CHAPTER XII

THE SUSSEX DOWNS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS - - - - - - - 203

CHAPTER XIII

THE SEAL'S ISLAND - - - - - - 227

CONCLUSION

SONG O' THE SUSSEX MEN - - - - - 235

APPENDIX

SUSSEX PROVINCIALISMS - - - - - 243

INDEX - - - - - - - - - - 249

INTRODUCTION.

THERE are probably many thousands of readers of Rudyard Kipling who have at some time or other paused while reading the particular book that happened to be in hand at the moment and asked mentally: "Just what sort of place is this village that Kipling mentions? What is its life, what are its charms?" The object of this slight study is to describe briefly these bits of Sussex which have served as a background for so many of Kipling's songs and stories. From Burwash, the home of Kipling, the writer will attempt to carry the reader in imagination, first to the Weald and Marsh, and then to the Downs, concerning which Kipling sings:—

"I'm just in love with all these three,
The Weald and Marsh and the Down countrie;
Nor I don't know which I love the most,
The Weald or the Marsh or the white chalk coast!"

The notes in this book are all based on intimate personal knowledge. Almost every old building, church or out of the way place mentioned by Kipling, has been examined by the writer, in the

vast majority of cases during the summer of 1920 ; and the descriptions given are based upon notes collected during the last twenty years.

Warned by Mr. Hilaire Belloc's strictures on the modern Guide Book, I have tried to avoid those remarks which he finds so tedious. It will be recalled that Mr. Belloc has written in his essay, " On Getting Respected in Inns " :

" For a Guide Book will tell you always what are the principal and most vulgar sights of a town ; what mountains are most difficult to climb, and, invariably, the exact distances between one place and another. But these things do not serve the End of Man. The end of man is Happiness, and how much happier are you with such a knowledge ? Now there are some Guide Books which do make little excursions now and then into the important things, which tell you (for instance) what kind of cooking you will find in what places, what kind of wine in countries where this beverage is publicly known, and even a few, more daring than the rest, will give a hint or two upon hiring mules, and upon the way that a bargain should be conducted, or how to fight."

I have tried to omit all the vulgar sights, and have been daring enough to make little excursions into the things immemorial such as the qualities of old ale, the making of dew-ponds, the singing of old ballads and the universal love of Earth which is the first aroma of life.

Kipling shows us that the real lover is the real topographer, and it is in such poems as "A Charm" that he moves the heart in no light way:

> "Take of English earth as much
> As either hand may rightly clutch.
> * * * * *
> Lay that earth upon thy heart,
> And thy sickness shall depart."

It is impossible to spend a few weeks in Sussex without being impressed with the air of antiquity which pervades that county, and it seems like a mist half to conceal and half to light up every one of its bostels and valleys. It seems impossible to pass by any pile of stones, or any wall, or pillar, or gateway, without asking oneself the question: "Is this old, or is this new? Is it the work of Roman or of Saxon?" Sometimes one feels tempted to ask: "Is this the work of nature or of man?"

When the pilgrim stands in such a building as the old Star Inn at Alfriston, it is not merely the felicitous architecture, or the historic memories that possess him, but the spirit of the place, which is a subtle compound of both. A King once remarked about Oxford, that in it everything old seemed new, and everything new seemed old,

This applies with even greater truth to Sussex. There is a wonderful continuity between the present and the past of this county. An inn where we find the landlord and the groom in the throes of the quite modern game of ping-pong, was but a hundred or so years ago the meeting place of Sussex smugglers, and still further back the same inn was the resort of religious pilgrims travelling to Chichester. We need not look beyond.

In this short study, the reader must be satisfied with antiquities of a humble and homely character; and in bespeaking the interest of the reader, in favour of a few scrap ends of folk lore and relics of Sussex life, I shall promise to keep strictly within the historical limits laid down by Rudyard Kipling in his Sussex stories, with a reference here and there to the historical and literary associations of Sussex.

How widely read Rudyard Kipling's books may be I do not know, but there is no doubt that on those who do read them they exert a very powerful influence; and the secret of this influence lies, more than in anything else, in their style. Now style is something far above the possession of a rich vocabulary or a keen ear for rhythm and it is primarily an intellectual quality. The first requisites of good style are that the writer should

have a gift for vivid presentation, a clear vision of his subject and a keen perception of the emotional colour of words. It is on this basis that so much of the admirable styles of Ruskin and Newman are built. I venture to maintain that Kipling combines these fundamental elements of distinction in style with a genius that almost puts him on a level with the two great stylists I have mentioned.

It is often pointed out that Kipling saw red during the Boer War, and since that time has not written with such unique beauty and power as he gave us in the " Jungle Stories." But I do not think this is true. His style has lost some of the early vitality—the god-energy of youth which is enthusiasm—but the real change has been that he has become a stay at home and a settled Sussex man. With the loss of a part of his early vitality and arrogance he has put behind him some of his faults. Lovers of Kipling cannot shut their eyes to the fact that some of the author's work during the Boer War contained much of the ill-judging impulsiveness of a child without its compensating charm. But I think Kipling has left such work behind him. When an inspiration comes to him now he takes it out for a long, cool walk round about the Sussex lanes, or sleeps with it beneath

his pillow. In the early days he must have snatched pen and paper at once to work his idea up; but often the inspiration must have worked Kipling up. That was when he allowed his enthusiasm to steer his vessel. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, writing in *The New Statesman*, points out that since Kipling settled in Sussex his work has been fed more than before by books and fancy. And it is in the regions of pure fancy that Kipling is happiest of all. Out of all his characters who do we remember best? Is it Kim or is it Pagett, M.P.? Is it Mowgli or Wali Dad? Fancy is the deep, clear, sparkling stream which carries along and solves and neutralises, if not sweetens, in its impetuous flow life's rubbish and superfluities of all kinds. The Sussex tales of Kipling are his safe escape from the style of the alert tourist and the knowing journalist. The great difference between his early and later style is that latterly he has used his particularly sensitive gift for perception and observation, not to render things seen, but more often things dreamt, and the extraordinary appetite for exterior influences has waned a little in consequence. But for all that the purpose of his virtuosity is exactness. The stillness and ancientry of the Sussex wayside cannot kill this bent in him. In the

pages of " Rewards and Fairies," which distil and drip with ancient peace, he is not indifferent to beauty, but it takes a second place—precision and vigour come first. He will guide you with strong, firm hands to see, hear and touch and smell—how gloriously does he write of smells—what he describes as vividly as black and white printed matter can do it, and if he can transport the reader's mind with a word picture that is inconsistent with an æsthetic quality, well, the cult of the beautiful is swept out of the way. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy must be quoted on the gripping power of Kipling's metaphors. Thus :

" His metaphors and comparisons are chosen (and he uses them, like all vivid writers, perpetually), with complete disregard of their associations and overtones. To take an example from these letters of travel : ' There was never a cloud in the sky that rested on the snow-line of the horizon as a sapphire on white velvet.' We have all seen a sapphire on white velvet in a jeweller's window, and it calls up vividly the intense blue of the sky seen above a snowfield ; yet the comparison destroys at once the beauty of it. But here is a passage in which the very disregard of associations has flowered in a perfect phrase ; Mr. Kipling is describing a Canadian winter scene—deep snow is on the ground :

' Rain makes a granulated crust over all, in which white shagreen the trees are faintly reflected. Heavy mists go up and down and create a sort of mirage, till

> they settle and pack round the iron-tipped hills, and then you know how the moon must look to an inhabitant of it. At twilight, again, the beaten-down ridges and laps and folds of the uplands take on the likeness of wet sand—some huge and melancholy beach at the world's end—and when day meets night it is all goblin country. To westward, the last of the spent day—rust red and pearl, illimitable levels of shore waiting for the tide to turn again. To eastward, black night among the valleys, and on the rounded hill slopes a hard glaze that is not so much light as snail-slime from the moon.'
>
> " And this is by no means the finest piece of description in the book! ' A hard glaze that is not so much light as snail-slime from the moon—' in that sentence vividness and beauty have at last blended."

In Kipling's Sussex stories we are constantly feeling the sense of what Wordsworth called " the light that never was on sea or land," of what he himself calls " Time's Everlasting Beyond." The power to clothe that emotion in adequate words is a very rare gift ; let anyone who doubts that Kipling possesses it consider the story called " Dymchurch Flit " in " Puck of Pook's Hill." Examine the craftsmanship of the sentence in which he presents the Bee Boy, " who is not quite right in the head, though he can do anything with bees." And again, note the perfection of the compression of the character sketch of Hobden,

a man of the soil, who scoffs at these people who " reads signs and sinnifications out o' birds flyin', stars fallin', bees hivin' and such," but who was careful not to offend the " People of the Hills " or " Pharisees," as the rustics call the fairies.

" What do you think of it all ? " asks Tom.

" Um—um," Hobden rumbled. " A man that uses fields an' shaws after dark as much as I've done, he don't go out of his road excep' for keepers."

" But settin' that aside ? " said Tom, coaxingly. " I saw you throw the Good Piece out-at-doors just now. Do you believe or—*do* ye ? "

" There was a great black eye to that tater," said Hobden, indignantly.

" My little eye didn't see un, then. It looked as if you meant it, for—for Any One that might need it. D'ye believe or—*do* ye ? "

To this, the wary Hobden answers :

" If you was to say there was more things after dark in the shaws than men, or fur, or feather, or fin, I dunno as I'd go far about to call you a liar."

Apropos of the Sussex way of speaking of fairies as *pharisees*, I remember some years ago while on holiday at Pevensey, I came upon a woman in a cottage garden engaged in washing clothes, and asked her the way.

"Do many Sussex people," I asked, "still believe in *pharisees?*"

"I don't rightly understand what you mean, sir," she said.

"I gather from certain learned writers on Sussex that the fairies are called *pharisees* in this district."

"That may be," the woman made answer, "but I've never heard tell of it."

"But," I declared, "you have surely heard the story of how the Pharisees favoured Sussex above the rest of old England, and would 'flash their little green lights along the dikes at night, and dance on the naked roads in the naked day time.'"

The woman looked at me in a strange manner, and shrank a little backwards.

"For forty years have I lived here," she said, "and never before have I heard talk of such no-sense stuff. The only Pharisees I mind are written about in the Bible!"

RAMBLES ABOUT BURWASH

Chapter I

RAMBLES ABOUT BURWASH

Burwash and the adjoining parishes are peculiarly the Kipling country. His home is here, and he has made this part of Sussex his very own in one of the most beautiful poems written on an English county. His verses on Sussex are imperishable. By sheer force of their lyric genius they must of necessity make the author talked about in the same way a hundred years hence as Keats is talked of to-day. This poem is a perfect example of that immortal magic of words which is found at its highest in our early ballads of the country-side. It breathes realisation of man's unity with nature, which is perhaps the finest form of poetry. Mystery and wonder are here, and the authentic thrill of the soul in the presence of that fourth dimension which does not exist for the stranger :

> " So to the land our hearts we give
> Till the sure magic strike,
> And Memory, Use and Love make live
> Us and our fields alike—

That deeper than our speech and thought
Beyond our reasons sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay."

The spirit of place has possessed the poet in these verses; he has tracked it to its inmost shrine. His love of "the wooded dim blue goodness of the weald" and the "thyme that smells like dawn in Paradise," comes as an antidote to his vast and brassy imperial idea of "far-flung battle lines." The sense of atmosphere with which he informs "Sussex" recalls the passionate lines of Elizabeth Browning:

"My own hills! Are you 'ware of me my hills
How I burn toward you? Do you feel to-night
The urgency and yearning of my soul
As sleeping mothers feel the sucking babe
And smile? . . . Still ye go
Your own determined, calm, indifferent way
Toward sunrise, shade by shade, and light by light."

Upon examining Kipling's Sussex stories, we find that the descriptions of scenery are in all cases brief, though extraordinarily effective; they are not used for padding, but are used because they are essential to the story itself—the landscape is as inevitable as the unfolding of the plot. In the "Knife and the Naked Chalk," all the heart

of the Downs with the little winds from sea, and the hum of insects in the thyme, comes to the reader. Dudeney, the old shepherd living in a flint village on the bare windy Chalk Down, tells the children to press their faces down and smell the turf:

"That's Southdown thyme which makes our Southdown mutton beyond compare, and, my mother told me, 'twill cure anything except broken necks or hearts, I forget which."

The love of the South Downs is in the old shepherd's blood; he is possessed with what Swinburne has called "the dark unconscious instinct of primitive nature-worship." It is only on this particular soil that the shepherd can breathe freely, and he speaks with contempt of some one who went off to live "among them messy trees in the Weald." The more emphatically Dan and Una defend the Weald with its brooks, where you can "paddle in hot weather," the more decisively does Dudeney speak of the dangers of brooks flooding, and the trouble which follows—the shifting of the sheep, and "foot-rot afterward." Brooks are treacherous. The Southdown shepherd puts his faith in dew-ponds.

In Kipling's "Weland's Sword" we read how "Dan and Una go out towards the close of one

midsummer day to act a shortened scene or two from the fairy portion of the " Midsummer Night's Dream." " The theatre lay in a meadow . . . A little mill-stream bent round one corner of it, and in the middle of the bend lay a large old fairy-ring of darkened grass, which was the stage." There are numerous *fairy-rings* and *hag-tracks* upon the green slopes of the Downs which will not fail to attract the reader's attention. It is now generally admitted that they originate in the growth of various species of *fungi*, but the Sussex shepherds believe them to be formed by the feet of dancing fairies, or, as they are locally called, *Pharisees*, who :

" In their courses make that round
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the fairy ground,
Of which they have the keeping."

Every one who has turned the pages of " Puck of Pook's Hill," will call to mind the fairy verses—verses fluttered with memories and shadows—which recur hauntingly again and again, like a refrain of an old song :

" Farewell, rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,

For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they ;
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids are wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe ? "

Kipling was indebted to the writer of these verses for his title. Who was the author ? Bishop Corbet, of Oxford, and Norwich, and the poem was written somewhere about 1612. There is an old-world tone in such lines as these :

" At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth
These pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness these rings and roundelays
Of theirs which still remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days,
On many a grassy plain.
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James, came in,
They never dance on any hearth
As when the time hath bin."

In " Dymchurch Flit," Kipling traces the

departure of the fairies from England to " Queen Bess's father who had come in with his Reformatories." It was because the Queen's father " just about tore the gizzards out of the parish churches " that the fairies became " turrified " and fled from cruel old England. Bishop Corbet admits their Romish tendencies :

" By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave Mary's,
Their dances a procession ;
But now, alas, they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they'd take their ease.

John Aubrey, the antiquary, born in Wiltshire in 1626, left in his large collection of manuscripts some sidelights on the worthy Bishop which show him to be a jester of no mean rank. Aubrey says :

" After he was a doctor of divinity, he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon. On a market-day, he and some of his comrades were at the tavern by the Crosse. The ballad-singer complayned he had no customs—he could not sell his ballads. The jolly Doctor puts off his gowne, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.

" His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr.

Stubbins was one of his cronies ; he was a jolly fat doctor, and a very good house-keeper. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob Lane in wet weather ('tis an extraordinary deepe dirty lane), the coache fell, and Corbet said that Dr. S. was up to his elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins."

Now that is an excellent jest. Prince Hal might have said that about the massive proportions of Falstaff !

Aubrey continues :

" A.D., 1628, he was made Bishop of Oxford ; and I have heard that he had an admirable grave and venerable aspect. One time as he was confirming, the country people, pressing in to see the ceremonie, said he, ' Beare off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staffe.' Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine, and said, ' Some dust, Lushington,' to keepe his hand from slipping. ' There was a man with a great venerable beard ' ; said the bishop. ' You, behind the beard.' "

That is quite in the London motor driver's caustic style when a venerable old gentleman wanders aimlessly in front of his five-ton lorry— " Here, you with the whiskers ! Out of it ! "

Aubrey ends with the following jovial picture :

" His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The

Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar ; and he and his chaplaine would go and lock themselves in and be merry ; then first he layes down his episcopal hood, ' There layes the doctor ' ; then he puts off his gowne, ' There layes the bishop ' ; then 'twas ' Here's to thee, Corbet ' ; ' Here's to thee, Lushington ! ' "

To read a passage like this is to breathe the air of a more spacious and friendly era, an era when culture and good-fellowship still walked arm-in-arm, and took a bottle of wine together in some snug and lettered tavern. Bishops in these days do not go to the trouble of lamenting loss of fairies, they never unbend, never laugh and never say : " Here's to thee, Lushington ! "

Readers of " Puck of Pook's Hill " will recollect the tale of the Sussex ironworks called " Hal o' the Draft." Hal is a mason restoring old Barnabas Church, and has a friend called Sebastian Cabot, from Bristol way, who is waiting for guns for one of the King's ships. Hal's men will not work, and his materials from Master Collins, the founder, come to hand spaulty or cracked, and all the guns cast for Cabot are alleged to be faulty. Gentle and simple, high and low, all the people of the village are against the church being re-roofed or touched, and Hal feels that the countryside is bewitched. However, the truth of

the matter is discovered. The stubborn inhabitants are all more or less concerned in a little gun-running, and the church is being used as a warehouse and hiding place for Cabot's cannons until an opportunity to place them aboard Andrew Barton's ship occurs.

The mention of the ballad of Sir Andrew Barton in " Hal o' the Draft " brings us within hailing distance of a noble pirate and a noble singer. We recall how Lord Howard's marksmen brought down all those whom this bold pirate sent up the masttree " to let the beams fall," and at last Sir Andrew, encased in armour, climbed up himself, and Horsly, the " bowman rare " from Yorkshire, shot in vain :

" Then Horsly spied a privie place,
with a perfect eye in a secret part,
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
and smote Sir *Andrew* to the heart.
' Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
a little I am hurt yet not slaine,
I'll but lie downe and bleed awhile
and come and fight with you againe.

And do not,' saith he, ' feare English Rogues
and of your Foes stand in no awe,
But stand fast by S. *Andrewes* crosse,
until you heare my whistle blow.'

They never heard his whistle blow
which made them all full sore afraid :
Then Horsly said, ' My Lord, aboard,
for now Sir *Andrew Barton's* dead.' "

But we must return to the story.

Hal rides to Brightling and tells Sir John Pelham of the gun-running, who comes with thirty stout knaves, and with much of the guile peculiar to " silly Sussex," adroitly hands the guns over to Cabot without finding cause to quarrel with Master John Collins, the founder, or to convict those associated with him in his treasonable traffic in cannon.

The reader of this story will have no difficulty in connecting " St. Barnabas " with Burwash Parish Church, which has an early Norman tower and a thirteenth century chancel. On the font, which is fifteenth century, will be seen the buckle of Sir John Pelham of Brightling, who is of the same family as the Lord Pelham mentioned in the " Ballad of Minepit Shaw." The old Bell Inn, opposite the church, is also referred to by Kipling in " Hal o' the Draft," and we learn that Ticehurst Will and other gun-runners " wagged their sinful heads " over their cups of ale in this place of entertainment.

" The Bell " deserves a visit. Here the rooms

BURWASH PARISH CHURCH
(The "St. Barnabas Church" of Rudyard Kipling's Stories)

[*To face page* 30

smell of antiquity, and the great oak ceiling-beams scowl at the impertinent light admitted by windows which are not quite in keeping with the ancientry of the house in general. Those windows have been there for close on a hundred years, but they seem modern to beams which have been in position three hunrded. The landlady, Miss Farley, will tell you that the house has been held by her family for nearly a hundred years, and one may take Lamberhurst beer in the low bar with much neighbourly conversation. I learnt that Burwash is pronounced " Berrish " in the district, and that an old matrimonial rhyme runs like this :

> " To love and to cherish
> From Battle to Berrish,
> And round about Robertsbridge home."

Yes, the Bell Inn is that kind of house that receives a man like a friend. There is an open chimney in the smoking-room, and a spacious fireplace in which beech logs lend their pleasant fragrance to the flames during the long winter evenings.

A delightful old kitchen at the back deserves to be mentioned. Notice the brobdingnagian copper boiler hoisted up to the low ceiling, which is reminiscent of the days when the vestry meetings

at Burwash Church would occasionally end in a little beefsteak and kidney pudding dinner at "The Bell."

It is interesting to note, too, that many people in Burwash still remember the Rev. J. Cocker Egerton, author of "Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways," and rector for many years. At the Bell Inn I met the sexton of the village church, who had called in for his ale after Sunday morning service. He was very communicative and recollected the days when the Rev. Egerton played the fiddle at the choir practice way back in 1870. "He had a hem o' trouble with the boys," the old man drawled, "and the only way he could make 'em behave reasonable like was to crack 'em on the head with his fiddle stick. He was odd-fashioned, no bounds, was the old rector."

My old friend the sexton showed me the church, with its quaint porch paved with curiously carven gravestones, and one actually steps over a sixteenth century brass before passing up the aisle. There are one or two rough stone blocks in the churchyard which tradition says were planted over the graves of those smitten down with plague in 1666. "I never lay any spade to turf near them," the old sexton rumbled, "best to let them pesky old bones alone."

In the wall, at the end of the south aisle, may be seen the iron slab of the fourteenth century, mentioned in Kipling's story, " The Conversion of St. Wilfrid." Here Dan and Una met the saint of Sussex. The children called this part of the church Panama Corner, because of the long-tailed Longobardic characters on the cast-iron slab which read: *Orate p(ro) annema Jhone Coline.* The inscription is much injured by long exposure to the tread of feet.

The present Vicar of Burwash believes the slab records the death of a priest. In any case it is an interesting relic of Sussex iron manufacture, and it is quite possible that it might commemorate the death of an ancestor of the Collinses, iron-masters here and in the adjoining parishes.

Members of this family, Master John Collins, and his brother Tom, master at Stocken's Forge, are mentioned by Kipling in " Hal o' the Draft," as being concerned in gun-founding and gun-running.

Pook's Hill, called Puck Hill by the people of the village, is in Burwash Weald. The word Puck belongs to the same series as the Irish *Phooka,* German *Spuk,* and our modern words spook, bogie, and bugbear. Bayle in his dictionary dated 1755, tells us that " A bug " is an

" imaginary monster to frighten children with," and in a scarce old version of the ninety-first Psalm we find the words " from the pestilence that walketh in darkness " written as " from the bug that walketh in darkness." In Shakespeare we find the word occasionally. The " Taming of the Shrew " contains the line : " Tush ! Tush ! fear (frighten) boys with bugs," and in " The Winter's Tale " : " The bug which you would frighten me with, I seek." In the " Færie Queen " one recalls Spenser's lines :

> " Each trembling leaf and whistling wind they hear,
> As ghastly bug their hair on end doth rear."

" The bug " is none other than a variant of Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, the merry wanderer of the night, bequeathed to us by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and depicted in Shakespeare's " Midsummer Night's Dream " as " rough, knurly-limbed, faun faced and shock-pated, a very Shetlander among the fairies."

Burwash is spelled Burgheress in records dated 1291. Not far from the village southwards is Rudyard Kipling's house, called " Batemans." Over the doorway a date stone proclaims that the building was raised in the year 1634, but in Horsefield's " Sussex " we are told it was erected

in 1620. It is surrounded by most charming woods, and the adjoining lands have as much seclusion and jungle mystery as any lover of nature could desire.

I was told in the village, the house derives its name from the fact that a grasping builder so abated his men's wages, that it was always referred to by them as " Batemans," and the name endured.

There are some fine oak-panelled rooms in the house, and it changed hands many times before Rudyard Kipling became lawfully seized and possessed of it.

A Mr. John Britain, who lived at " Batemans," died and was buried in Burwash in 1707. In " Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways " Cocker Egerton tells us that the history of " Batemans " is very hazy, and the date over the door is about the only fact that is not questioned. He also mentions that the house contained some old Sussex " dogs " (called variously " brand-irons," " and-irons," or " end-irons "), bearing the date 1585, but they were taken away by Mr. Stevenson when he left the farm about 1873.

It appears that Pook Hill is the old name for a farm and farm house not far from Burwash Weald, and bordering on Dallington Forest, Lord

Ashburnham's property. The Vicar of Burwash kindly gave me this information, but he points out that the Pook's Hill Farm has now degenerated into some modern name.

Burwash stands three miles to the north of Brightling and two miles west of Etchingham, on the parallel ridge, which diverges from the main one some distance from the west. In the valley between flows the Dudwell, an affluent of the Rother. It is here that we must look for most of the topographical hints which Kipling throws out in " Puck of Pook's Hill." The hill itself is not given on the map, but I think the lower slope of the hill, south of the valley, may be determined upon as the " bare, fern-covered slope " mentioned by Kipling as running from the " far side of the mill stream to a dark wood." This is the High Wood and is probably the " Far Wood " to which Una went when Dan came to grief over his Latin, and was kept in. Here we may seek the children's " important watch tower," which looks down on Pook's Hill and " all the turns of the brook as it wanders out of Willingford Woods, between hop gardens, to old Hobden's cottage at the Forge." Still further south is Brightling Beacon.

Two fords over the Dudwell are mentioned by

Kipling with half a league between them, and, of course, they are now bridged over. The higher Willingford Bridge—Weland's Ford, in the Puck stories—leads to Burwash and the lower by Dudwell Mill to Burwash. The mill mentioned in the opening of " Hal o' the Draft," a place where rats scuttle in the rafters, and the attic possesses intriguing trap-doors and beams with inscriptions about floods and sweethearts, lies between the two bridges, but nearer the lower ford.

From Brightling as from the minaret of a mosque, one may look out upon the landscape, sleeping all fair and serenely in the sunlight upon broad reaches of meadow-land dotted by browsing cattle—upon close-clinging branches hung with a myriad leaves—upon the shimmering and shining waters of the far-off sea—and many gabled manor house, and quiet hamlet—upon hill and dale, and grove, and garden—a goodly picture. To the north and east spreads the Weald of Kent and Sussex, rich in a thousand changes of light and shade ; to the south-west rises the long bold line of the glorious Sussex downs ; to the south gleams and glitters the Channel, bounded in the distance by a low bank of clouds which denotes the position of the French coast.

The old mill by Dudwell Bridge will not fail to

arrest attention. It appears in " Below the Mill Dam " in Kipling's " Traffics and Discoveries," and in several of the Puck stories. Alas ! the old order changes ! It is with feelings of genuine regret that we find a turbine in place of the old wheel which had clacked and ground her corn " ever since Domesday Book." The turbine now drives the electric light plant for Kipling's house which is only a few yards distant. It was in this mill that the wheel objected to being considered mechanically after she had been painted by five Royal Academicians !

The Dudwell which flows at the back of " Batemans," supplies the water to the mill, and often in the winter time invades the gardens and lower rooms of the houses. The farmer who once had the Dudwell at the bottom of his garden, has more often, in days of flood, his garden at the bottom of the Dudwell. Such a flood is described in the story, " Friendly Brook " (A Diversity of Creatures).

The mill is also faithfully described in " Hal o' the Draft," and Kipling has not exaggerated its beauty. It is a curious and interesting building, with its steep roof, and red tiled walls, and diamond-leaded windows with curious iron hasps. We pass through a gate at the side which leads up

to the mill-dam, and here some ancient brick stairs, covered with yellow stonecrop, lead down to gloomy underground rooms in the mill. The attic lighted by a foot-square "Duck window," still looks across to Little Lindens Farm, and the spot where Jack Cade was killed. Here we find the attic ladder which the children Dan and Una called the mainmast-tree out of the ballad of Sir Andrew Barton. May the old mill long remain so!

If the stream is followed to the bridge at Willingford, a lane leads up to the Wheel Inn, where the road to Burwash and Etchingham is gained.

From the Wheel Inn we retrace our steps to the village, passing Kipling's Lane which leads down to Batemans on the way.

The village of Burwash will be known to many through the Rev. J. Cocker Egerton's studies in the "Wealden formation of human nature." His stories of local astuteness are too good to pass over. In many of them we trace the same solid philosophy which John Collins, the forge master, uses so successfully in wriggling out of the hangman's rope in "Hal o' the Draft." Many people call this particular Sussex method of reasoning "stupidity," but the countryman often wins through in his slow way. The Burwash man, who,

when the vicar was about to reprove him on finding him a little in liquor, asked with concern why it was that he felt more religious when he was in his cups than any other time, is an example of Sussex "silliness."

Another Burwash man expressing himself on his doubts of the existence of political honesty gives us this scrap of philosophy :—

"I be a miller, and I've got rats, and I keep cats, and one day I look into a place under my mill, and there I sees cats and rats all feeding together out of one trough at my expense."

It was also a Burwash miller, who was asked by a lawyer, who enjoyed a joke outside of the limits of his own profession, how the saying got about that there was never but one miller who found his way to heaven.

"Oh Lor!" replied the miller, "I will give that riddle up! But shall I tell you how it was that he bid (stopped) when he was there? Because, sir, there was never a lawyer to e-ject him."

Mr. Egerton tells of the half-wit of Burwash, Mike Ambleton, who when tested as to his power of judgment by the offer of a choice of either a half-sovereign or a half-crown said, "Mike won't be covetous. Mike'll be content with the little one." It was the same Mike, who when one of his

tormentors in the village died, danced on the fresh turfed grave shouting, " Got ye now, got ye now ! "

You will learn in the " Smuggler's Song " all about the gentlemen who must have often passed " Batemans " in their trapesings with good liquor between the coast and the capital. In those days everyone sided with the smugglers, both on the coast and inland ; and it is said that a certain worthy parson being somewhat uneasy about his right to retain a cask of brandy which, with many others, had been hidden in his own church tower, was somewhat consoled by one of the gentlemen, who pinned the following text to it :

" Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." Proverbs vi. 30.

A Burwash woman has told us that as a child, after saying her prayers, she was often packed to bed early with the strict injunction : " Now mind if the gentlemen come along, don't you look out of the window." To look at a smuggler when he was engaged in the great game was strictly against true Sussex tradition. People had to turn towards the wall when they passed by, so that they could truthfully declare that, as they had not seen the gentlemen, it was impossible to identify them.

Another native of Burwash has recorded that his grandfather's family, which consisted of fourteen sons, were all "brought up to be smugglers." Cocker Egerton also related a good story of a Sussex parson who feigned illness all one Sunday in order to keep his church closed on a cargo of contraband which had been hurriedly lodged in the pews to evade the revenue men.

It has been said that the true crest of the Sussex men is a pig couchant, with the motto, "I wunt be druv," and we have all heard of the following couplet:

> "You may push and you may shuv
> But I'm —— if I'll be druv."

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his book on Sussex, has told us how the bellringers of Burwash refused to ring the bells when George IV., then Prince of Wales, passed through that village on his return from a visit to Sir John Lade at Etchingham. The independent and stubborn inhabitants, when asked for a reason, declared that the bells had clashed most riotously when the First Gentleman in Europe had passed that way before, and not even a little ale had been served out to them, and that they did not mean to toil again for nothing.

My notes on smuggling in this neighbourhood would be incomplete without mention of the "Hawkhurst Gang." Although they took their title from an inland town, they ranged the coast from Dover to Brighton, and at times extended their operations still further westward. Previous to their being dispersed, this band reigned supreme. They rode in troops to the seaside to fetch their goods, and carried them away triumphantly, daring King George's men who were sent to awe them. The whole country became incensed against this gang in the end, and most of the members of it were apprehended. There were in all twenty-two who were executed, a special assize being held at Chichester to try the offenders. The whole of the prisoners were found guilty. One of the gang, named Jackson, escaped hanging by dying the night before the day of execution. A year or two ago there was in existence a stone which bore the following inscription :

"Near this place was buried the body of William Jackson, a proscribed smuggler, who was with William Carter, attainted for the murder of William Galley, a custom-house officer, and who likewise was together with Benjamin Tayner, John Cobby, John Hammond, Richard Mills, the elder, and Richard Mills, the younger, his son, attainted for the murder of Daniel Chater ; but dying a few hours after sentence of death was

pronounced upon him, he thereby escaped the punishment which the heinousness of his complicated crimes deserved, and which was the next day most justly inflicted upon his accomplices. As a memorial and a warning to this and succeeding generations this stone is erected."

Two others of the gang were afterwards taken and tried at Newgate, and both ordered to be hung in chains. They were named Fairhall and Kingsmill. They behaved, it is said, most impudently during their trial, and were frequently reprimanded, but to no purpose. Fairhall is reported to have said " he did not value being hanged," and before his trial asked for a pipe and tobacco and a bottle of wine, adding, " as he was not to live long he might as well live well the short time he was in the world." One Perin, a member of the gang, was ordered to be hung and then buried, and Fairhall remarked to this man, who was lamenting the harsher sentence on his comrades, " We shall be hanging up in the sweet air when you are rotting in your grave." He was evidently of a philosophic turn.

Poaching is in the blood of the Burwash people, and Kipling's Hobden, a man who knows and loves the earth, is a splendid study in the psychology of the man of the soil.

We will take one look at Hobden. The word picture is from Kipling's poem " The Land " :

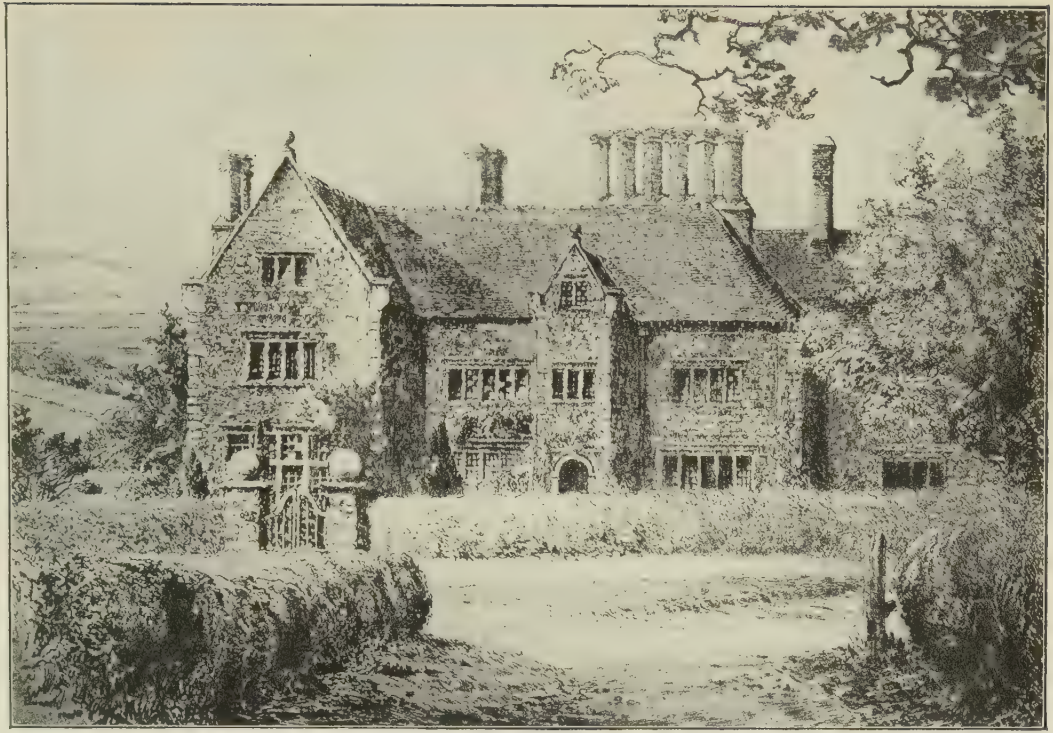
" Not for any beast that burrows, not for any bird that flies,
Would I lose his large, sound counsel, miss his keen amending eyes."
He is bailiff, woodman, wheelwright, field-surveyor, engineer,
And if flagrantly a poacher—'tain't for me to interfere."

The Sussex man's liking for beer is part of his nature. He talks of ale as a thing apart, and to remind him of the days " when ale was ale indeed " is to send him into a sort of ecstasy. But he finds it intolerable to ever think of a man being drunk. When a Sussex man has taken a great deal too much he will perhaps admit he " had a little beer." The habitual drunkard is spoken of as a man who takes a " half-a-pint otherwhile " ; the man who is " none the better for what he took " must be considered in a very intoxicated state ; and the policeman who finds a man in a state of abject helplessness gives evidence that " he was noways tossicated but only concerned a leetle in liquor."

From Burwash we may walk to Etchingham. The village is one mile distant from the station. ETCHINGHAM CHURCH is one of the most interesting

in the county. Its general character is Decorated, with a massive square tower, a staircase turret, a roof of unusual height, and windows ornamented with rich flamboyant tracery. The chancel is noticeable for its length, its south door, and Early English font. The founder of the church was one *Sir William de Etchingham*, to whom there is a brass in the chancel (much injured), and an inscription which may be compared with that on "the Black Prince's tomb at Canterbury." An enriched canopy overhangs a brass to a later *Sir William* (d. 1444), his wife, and son, and the south aisle is adorned with an Etchingham helmet.

The war memorial cross before the church was unveiled by Rudyard Kipling in April, 1920, who remarked that it "occupied the very place it should do, right in the centre of the church approach—for surely it was a small thing that as they approached the House of God, they should pause awhile and remember the sacrifice."



"BATEMANS," MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S HOUSE AT BURWASH [*To face page* 46
(From the Original Etching by W Monk, R.E.)

NORTHIAM

Chapter II

NORTHIAM

In the story of "Gloriana," in "Rewards and Fairies," there is a strong Kipling personality present in every line. His æsthetic appreciation of what I call "sacramental" things—landscape and the fourth dimension of the English countryside which is charged with most ancient magic—is so subtly blended with his knowledge of English history that the picture he gives us of Queen Bess at a banquet beneath Brickwall Oak is quite remarkably vivid and concrete. He gives you not merely one aspect of Queen Elizabeth, but the impression her memory produces on his whole personality. Kipling makes Puck introduce Queen Bess to Dan and Una, and she tells with that terrible gift of familiarity, which enabled her to retain the immense hold she had on the affection of her subjects, how two young sprigs of the best blood of Sussex quarrelled over which of the two she had picked out for her special favour. In the end they go to "certain death by certain shame

attended" for her honour and undertake a voyage to Florida to keep an eye on Philip of Spain's ships and :

> " . . . pass into eclipse,
> Her kiss upon their lips—
> Even Belphœbe's, whom they gave their lives for."

Consider the way Kipling brings out all the daring contradictions, all the great possibilities, all the weaknesses, all the cruelty of Elizabeth as she tells the children how she danced Philip of Spain out of a brand-new kingdom at Brickwall Hall.

Kipling does not write about the less amiable side of Elizabeth, but the story " Gloriana " casts a shadow which tells us that there is a certain meanness in her character in spite of all, and we at once hark back to her jealousy, which was a mania with her. So great was this that no young cavalier was ever supposed to have the right to make a marriage for love ; it was felt to be a derogation from that idolatry of the Queen which she claimed as a monopoly. That is why Leicester had to keep quiet his marriage with Amy Robsart, and perhaps also, to sanction her burial in a tomb as well as in a castle. Raleigh dared to fall in love and to marry Elizabeth Throgmorton. This

meant a brief imprisonment in the Tower for him, and expulsion from the Court for his poor bride. It throws a significant light on the kind of stuff Elizabeth was ready to swallow to read the letters to her which Raleigh judiciously allowed to reach her eyes :

" How can I live alone in prison, while she (the Queen) is afar off ? I, who was wont to behold her riding like, Alexander, fair hair about her pure cheeks, like any seraph, sometimes sitting in the shade, like a goddess, sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus."

But Kipling reminds us that at least while her men adventured all over the world she toiled in England that they might find a safe home to come back to. Another side of the kaleidoscope of her character is to be found in the well-known story of her dealings with the Windsor carter. Whenever the Queen desired to go from Windsor to some other palace, the carts and horses in the neighbourhood of Windsor were " impressed " for the Royal service. The Queen changed her mind constantly, with the result that a Windsor carter, who had been ordered to provide carriage for a part of the Royal wardrobe, came to Windsor Castle once to find the Queen had changed her day of departure ; came a second time to find the

same change; and coming a third time, and finding once more another change of the Royal mind, made the historic exclamation, as he clapped his thigh, "Now I see that the Queen is a woman as well as my wife!" Elizabeth, standing at an open window, happened to hear the observation. "What villain is this?" she asked laughing, and directed the attendant to give him three angels "to stop his mouth."

In the poem, "The Looking Glass," which follows the story "Gloriana," Kipling shows us Elizabeth, who has 'gun like Macbeth, to weary o' the world; as she well might. She fears to peer at her own reflection in the looking glass "that can always hurt a lass more than any ghost there is or any man there was." Here is what the mirror would have reflected at this date:

"Next came the Queen, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black. She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; and she had a necklace of exceedingly fine jewels. Her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging."

When the reader arrives at the village green at

Northiam, he will still see QUEEN ELIZABETH'S OAK in decay and upheld by chains. It was here the Queen was waited upon at a banquet by the best blood of Sussex—the Frewens, Courthopes, Fullers and Husseys. And the little green shoes (ah! those awfully tiny things! so reminiscent of the vanity and capriciousness of good Queen Bess!) are still preserved in a glass case at the Frewens' house at Brickwall. They are of green damask silk, with heels two and a half inches high and pointed toes. It will be remembered that Dan tells Gloriana that they are "as little as doll's shoes" in Kipling's story.

For a description of Northiam, I cannot do better than refer the reader to A. L. Frewen's "History of Brickwall, Northiam and Brede" (1909). Northiam is a charming village, and is just on the borders of Kent:

> "O rare Norgen, thou dost far exceed
> Beckley, Peasmarsh, Udimore and Brede."

The mansion of the Frewens, called Brickwall, is a fine timbered Elizabethan house, with some additions made under Charles II. Here the pilgrim can inspect portraits of "Archbishop Accepted Frewen," by *Loest*; "Stephen, the Alderman," *Loest*; "Lady Guildford," *Holbein*

"Rector Frewen," *Mark Gerrard*; and "Lord Keeper Coventry and his fair wife," by *Jansen*. Here, too, is a curious finger-organ, by Schmidt; a wheel barometer, made use of by Archbishop Frewen; the ruthless Oxenbridge's spur; and Queen Elizabeth's green silk shoes. The CHURCH, dedicated to St. Mary, has a Norman tower, crowned by a turret with a stone spire. There are brasses for *Robert Penford*, rector, d. 1518, and *Nicholas Tufton*, d. 1538. The mausoleum of the Frewen family was erected in 1846, from Smirke's designs; the stained-glass window is by Willement, and the bust of A. Frewen by Behnes.

The present rector, Rev. A. Frewen Aylward, is a descendant in direct line of John Frewen, rector of Northiam in 1585. There are references to this family in Kipling's "Gloriana." Also in this story Gloriana gave the Norgem parson a text for his sermon—"Over Edom have I cast out my shoe." As Queen Elizabeth was a little hazy in regard to the parson's name, I consulted the list of Rectors which is hung up in Northiam Church tower. I found that in 1576 the incumbency was held by John Withers or Withens, but the spelling of the name was uncertain—hence Elizabeth's haziness, and Rudyard Kipling's uncertainty!

The following song by the Rev. A. Frewen Aylward, which is now printed for the first time, is a charming tribute to Sussex :

SUSSEX FOLK.

I

Some praise the sturdy northland
Whose sons are tall and strong,
Some make the busy midland
The burthen of their song :
And east is east, and west is west,
Each with its separate spell,
But the land for me skirts the southern sea,
And the praise of its folk I'd tell.
Clay of the weald, chalk of the down
Breeze from the boisterous sea,
These are the things make Sussex men
The sort of folk they be !

II

You may see them pull the hop poles,
You may see them guide the plough,
You may see them launch the lugger
While the waves break o'er her bow ;
And when the war cloud gathered
And the country called for aid,
Men of the shire—son, brother and sire—
Stood ready and undismayed !
Men of the marsh and moorland,
Sons of the shore or sea,
Heaven keep you still, through good or ill,
The sort of folk you be.

III

And if the men of Sussex
Be brave and strong and true,
Their matrons and their maidens
Have many a virtue too.
Mothers and wives and sweethearts
No comelier can be seen,
Than those who grace some lordly place,
Or reign as village queen!
Fragrance of flower and hop-bine,
Beauties of sky and sea,
Make Sussex maids and matrons,
The sort of folk they be!

I can vouch for the fragrance of the hop-bine. The last visit I paid to Northiam fell on Michaelmas-Day and the air was heavy with the rich, healthful, bitter smell of the pockets of hops. Puck, in "Hal o' the Draft," says: "Hops—they're an herb of Mars." We say:

"Turkeys, Heresy, Hops and Beer
Came into England all in one year.'

This couplet is a variant of the old saying:

"Turkeys, carp, hops, pickerel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

However, they are both erroneous. Pike, or pickerel, were the subject of legal regulations in the time of Edward I. Dame Juliana Barnes, in her

" Boke of St. Alban's " (1496) mentions carp as an agreeable dish. Turkeys were unknown till 1524, but I have seen an entry in the " Customs Roll of Great Yarmouth " (1453) regarding the transporting of " hoppes."

WINCHELSEA

Chapter III

WINCHELSEA

On entering the decayed but interesting old town of Winchelsea, the first thing that strikes the stranger is the regular, geometrical plan on which the place is laid out. The streets are broad ; the houses are built in blocks or squares. John Wesley, who preached his last open-air sermon under an ash tree in the churchyard here, describes it as " beautifully situated on the top of a steep hill, and regularly built in broad streets, crossing each other, and encompassing a very large square, in the midst of which was a large church, now in ruins " ; while in Evelyn's Diary, under the date of 1652, is the following record : " I walked over (from Rye) to survey the ruins of Winchelsea, that ancient Cinque Port, which, by the remains of ruins, and ancient streets, and public structures, discovers it to have been formerly a considerable and large city. There are to be seen vast caves and vaults, walls and towers, ruins of monasteries, and a sumptuous

church, in which are some handsome monuments, especially of the Templars, buried just in the manner of those in the Temple of London. This place, being now all rubbish—a few despicable hovels and cottages only standing—hath got a Mayor. The sea, which formerly rendered it rich and commodious, hath now forsaken it." In Queen Elizabeth's time the town, although even then its glories were on the wane, was in so flourishing a condition that Her Majesty, struck with its commerce, its opulence, and population, bestowed upon it the complimentary title of "Little London." In 1288 old Winchelsea was swallowed up by the sea, and the present town was erected on a more secure site.

The notable objects to be here examined are, however, many; first, there is the old STRAND GATE, a fourteenth century structure, which you pass under as you come from Rye—"a picturesque old pile, having a wide gateway between massive round towers. Looking through it from the inside, the town of Rye is seen seated on its hill, as though a picture, set in a heavy antique frame."

The cottage, with the sloping mossy roof, that adjoins the gate on the left, was once the country house of Miss Ellen Terry. Landgate or Pipe

Well, or Ferry Gate on the road to Udimore, is a mere shapeless mass of grey old stone, near which a few dull houses straggle. It bears a shield with the word " Helde " inscribed upon it, supposed to be the name of the mayor during whose supremacy it was erected.

New Gate, on the Icklesham road, is a picturesque relic, and stands in a lovely nook which opens into a lane, whose banks, in the spring, are yellow with primroses.

In the centre of the town stands the CHURCH—or all that remains of it—dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. The nave is said to have been destroyed by the French in 1380 ; the chancel and side aisles are still extant. The style is Early Decorated, and from its purity deserves particular examination. Remark the exquisite fidelity of the sculptured foliage ; the curious corbel heads ; the rich foreign tracery of the side windows ; the piers of Bethersden marble and Caen stone ; the sedilia in the chancel (recently restored) ; the Perpendicular English windows ; and the light and airy three-bayed choir.

To the south of the church is the entrance to " The Friars." This house was built over the ruins of a monastery in 1819. " The Friars " was the residence, in 1780, of two daring robbers,

George and Joseph Weston, one of whom was actually appointed churchwarden of Winchelsea, and both brothers living here, under assumed names, on the plunder acquired in their daring excursions, were held in much repute. After robbing the Bristol mail they were detected, apprehended, and one of them was hung.

Thackeray's novel of "Denis Duval," is founded on their story, and they also figure in G. P. R. James's "Robber."

The New Inn in Church Square, I will gladly name to all my readers who are satisfied with an old-fashioned Georgian inn, a good bed and plain but good fare. One article alone is of uncertain quality I am told. I was warned not to drink the water here, for a proverb says: "He who drinks at St. Leonard's well (near Winchelsea) must always slake his thirst at its waters." The hostess of the inn, who quoted the proverb to me, "a mighty civil gentlewoman," pressed her plump hands to her plump sides and laughed silently for a space when I replied: "Water! I never drink water *anywhere*!" The meal (which included a "Playz de Wynchelsee") provided by the plump lady, made me think of that dinner at Mrs. Garrick's when Boswell whispered to his neighbour: "I believe this is as much as can be made of life." I

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[*To face page 64*

did not leave this inn without adding to my store of quaint old Sussex ballads. An old song, which I found pasted inside a history of Sussex, runs something in this fashion, and it was called "A Most Sweet Song of an English Merchant, born at Chichester." The merchant, who was a fine, valiant fellow, killed a man at Emden in a quarrel, was apprehended and ordered to be hung. However, the law of the seventeenth century allowed a criminal to be saved if a woman came forward to marry him. A beautiful Dutch maid, with timely sympathy, came forward :

"'I goe my love,' she said,
'I run, I fly for thee!
And gentle Headsman spare a while,
My lover's life for me!'
Unto the Duke she went,
Who did her grief remove,
And with a hundred maidens more,
She went to fetch her love.

With musick sounding sweet,
The foremost of the traine,
This gallant maiden like a Bride,
Did fetch him back againe;
Yes hand in hand they went
Unto the Church that day,
And they were married presently,
In sumptuous rich array.

A sweetie thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind ;
There is no comfort in the world,
To women that are kind."

Winchelsea is a healthy spot in spite of being so near to the ague-bringing marshes. The shepherds call the ague " Old Johnny " and the " Bailiff o' the Marshes," and wear a charm against it—a three-cornered piece of paper, suspended round the neck, and inscribed :

" Ague, I thee defy :
Three days shiver,
Three days shake,
Make me well for Jesu's sake."

The marsh on the outskirts is so criss-crossed with dykes that unless with some one of the marshes who knows the path it is best for the stranger not to try the foot-path way. As Tom Shoesmith says in Kipling's story of " Dymchurch Flit " :

" The Marsh is just riddle with diks an' sluices, an' tide-gates, an' water-lets. You can hear 'em bubblin' an' grummelin' when the tide works in 'em, an' then you hear the sea rangin' left an' right-handed all up along the wall. You've seen how flat she is—the Marsh ? You'd think nothin' easier than to walk end-on across her ? Ah, but the diks an' the water-lets they twists the roads about as ravelly as witch-yarn on the spindles. So ye get all turned round in broad day-light."

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ROUND ABOUT RYE

Chapter IV

ROUND ABOUT RYE

It was in the red-roofed town of Rye that Simon Cheyneys, the shipbuilder ("Simple Simon") met Frankie Drake. At that time Drake was in the fetching trade between the persecuted Low Countries and England, and had put in at Rye from Chatham with his rudder splutted.

"Take this boy aboard and drown him," said Simon's uncle, "and I'll mend your rudder piece for love."

Simon relates how he served as a ship's boy with Drake, and was injured in a skirmish with a "gor-bellied Spanisher" and how he became a shipbuilder and burgess of Rye Port. We are also introduced to Simon's aunt, a notable woman, who was of Whitgift blood, and was the chosen one to see furthest through millstones. Drake beazled the life out of Simon's aunt, till she looked in his hand and told his fortune:

"You'll do a many things, and eating and drinking with a dead man beyond the world's end will be the

least of them. For you'll open a road from the East unto the West, and back again, and you'll bury your heart with your best friend by that road-side, and the road you open none shall shut so long as you're let lie quiet in your grave."

When this story was published in July, 1910, Kipling added the following foot-note :

" The old lady's prophecy seems in a fair way of coming true, for when the Panama Canal is opened one end of it will close to the waters where Sir Francis Drake was buried, the road round Cape Horn will be abandoned and ships will cross the Isthmus of Panama on dry land."

Rye more than any town in England preserves the atmosphere and flavour of some stranded town in Flanders or on the Zuyder Zee, and the stranger will find the ideal approach is across the marshes from the south, where one has the aspect of its singularly striking situation as its red roofs cluster steeply on all sides around the cathedral-like church which crowns the very summit of the pyramidal Rye rock.

The prevailing note of Rye is a warm gaiety and cheerfulness, in spite of the grim old Ypres Tower, the grass - grown, break - neck, cobbled streets, and all its vanished glory. And the people are as bright and blithe as their town, and there

are no squalid and mean houses. There are many tiny houses in Watchbell Street—at the end of which one gets a splendid view across the marsh to Winchelsea — and other small houses are clustered in Mermaid Street, but they are all bright and spotless, with bright windows and dazzling brass handles and bell-pulls. One feels as though all the houses in the old town were joining in a "Te Deum," and one must not for anything commit the sacrilege of taking part in any unseemly hurry or bustle lest the spell be broken, and a mysterious communion with the ghosts of the past rudely destroyed.

Watchbell Street is one of the oldest in Rye; it overhangs Watchbell Cliff, and took its name from the fact that a bell hung at the west end, which was rung in times of danger to summon the bold men of Rye to stand to the walls of their own dear town. The fighting spirit of the people still hangs about the name, and it is good to think how desperately the stout hearts of Rye fought for this cluster of time-softened and steep-roofed houses. All those scourges against which we pray—plague, pestilence and famine, battle, murder and sudden death—were endured by Rye. From its position, it was exposed to frequent attacks from the French. They burnt it in 1360,

and again in 1377, when its flames shooting up against the dark, dense clouds alarmed the whole coast. After its evacuation, the unfortunate mayor and jurats were summarily tried for not having defended it more vigorously, and were incontinently hung and quartered. In 1448, it was once more visited by the French, who set fire to the church, and destroyed the nave and chancel. The plague scourged it severely on several occasions.

The Land Gate, on the road to Dover, is a noble machicolated structure, with a fine archway which opens between two round towers, forty-seven feet high. The corresponding gate on the south-west side, was pulled down in 1815. Edward III fortified the town on the north and west sides with strong walls, and these were the only entrances.

The Ypres Tower on the south-east side was built by William d'Ypres, Earl of Kent. This was the famous Earl who closed an illustrious career by shaving his head and donning the cowl, in his own Abbey of Laon in Flanders. Close at hand under the very shadow of " Wiper's Tower," as it is called by the Sussex rustics, is the Gun Garden. From this point the reader can command a view of the principal features of Romney

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[*To face page 72*

Marsh. From here one looks down the edge of the cliff to a line of black, tarred boat-buildings below, and on the slips there are sometimes to be seen the bare keels and ribs of fishing boats in the course of building.

You may study the wide-spreading marshland and realise that strange kinship between personality and place which Kipling expresses in "Dymchurch Flit." It is easy to understand why the marsh-folk are old-fashioned and reserved, for the utter desolation of the landscape with "its steeples settin' beside churches, an' wise women settin' beside their doors, and the sea settin' above the land, an' ducks herdin' wild in the diks'" makes a gloomy picture. However, the marsh people love this landscape, which, it is true, possesses an interest and a character of its own. The clumps of elm, birch, or willow, here and there springing from a grassy knoll—the water-courses, rich in aquatic plants and frondent weeds—the wide stretches of broad green pasturage, sprinkled with grazing flocks—the far-off hamlet, and the grey old spire rising above its low, thatched roofs —and, from certain points, the wide sweep of the channel waters, bounded in the distance by a bank of clouds—all these features have inspired artists and poets. I cannot refrain from giving

here a wider publicity to that beautiful song of "Romney Marsh," written by Mr. E. G. Buckeridge:

"As I came out by Biddenden
There murmured in my ears,
The song that all wayfaring men
Have heard in all the years.
And all the way, by hill and moor,
That song went down with me,
By Tenterden and Appledore
And Romney to the sea.

And so I came through Romney marsh
That holds no house or tree,
Only the wide, sheep-dotted grass
That once was sand and sea.
Only the frail windmills that lift
Against the sunset fire,
And faintly pencilled on the drift
The ghost of Romney spire.

And thus all day across the fen
With me went singing down,
The road I found by Biddenden
And lost by Romney town;
For all men come to sleep at last,
As all roads to the sea,
And winding in the dusk it passed,
But left its song with me.

The clumps of elm, which here and there relieve the dreary expanse of marsh grass, will serve to

call the reader's mind to Kipling's " Tree Song," which has been set to music by an East Sussex lady, Miss Florence Aylward (Mrs. H. Kinder) and published by Chappell & Co. :

" Ellum she hateth mankind, and waiteth
Till every gust be laid,
To drop a limb on the head of him,
That anyway trusts her shade,
But whether a lad be sober or sad,
Or mellow with ale from the horn,
He will take no wrong when he lieth along
'Neath Oak, and Ash, and Thorn ! "

Queen Elizabeth must have had a great liking for the " ancient towne," and made many progresses to Rye. It will be recalled that the second story in " Rewards and Fairies," tells how Gloriana spent three days—" knighting of fat Mayors," and christened the town Rye Royal. The year after the Armada she presented it with " six brass guns beautifully ornamented with the arms of Spain, which stood on the spot called the Green." Tradition claims that the old and curious clock which adorns the northern side of the church tower was also the gift of Elizabeth. The clock is remarkable by reason of two gilt " quarter-boys," who strike the quarters with a thin, clear note upon two bells, and between them is a kind of

shield bearing the solemn words : " For our time is a very shadow that passeth away." The pendulum (eighteen feet in length) hanging through the roof swings over the heads of the people, and has been a source of joy to generations of school children. The Rev. A. P. Howes in his " Guide to the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Rye," mentions that the clock was purchased by the Churchwardens in 1560, and adds that particulars of its erection in the gable of the north transept are given in the church records, dating from 1513 to 1570.

A carved mahogany table used as an altar in the Chapel of St. Clare is an interesting specimen of early Chippendale furniture, dating from about 1726. A tradition more pleasing than authentic says that it is from the spoils of the Armada, and was given by Elizabeth. However, I was informed that it was given by a Mr. Lamb about 200 years ago. The Lamb family was connected with Rye for many years, and the list of mayors painted on the panels of the interior of the Town Hall shows that several of them occupied the mayoral chair, covering a period of about 120 years from 1723.

At the top of Mermaid Street, round the corner into West Street, is Lamb House, where Henry

James, the novelist, lived from 1898 to 1916. It is a house of great dignity and retirement, and turns its back with all its secrets to the passer-by and faces a high walled garden. We know it is a house of crowded shadows and memories, for local history whispers that here once lived a "flame" of the "First Gentleman of Europe." It is just such a time-softened house that one would have expected Henry James, the artist in subtleties, to have picked out for his home. Henry James came very little before the public notice, but he was a great man and a great artist. He had a horror of publicity, and perhaps avoided the outside world a little too much. His books, as it may be guessed, are anything but popular in this age which despises quietude and beauty. Just before his death, he quoted Shelley with pathetic humour: "'Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'" and, "I am . . . after my long career, utterly, insurmountably, unsaleable."

The heart of Rye is the quaintly attractive Mermaid Street, so steep and narrow, with the grass growing between its irregular cobble stones. It takes its name from the Mermaid Inn:

"An old-world, quaint, begabled hostelry—
Nay haunted if you will. These oaken beams
Saw the midsummer night of Shakespeare's dreams.

The morn when menacing Spain found Drake at play.
Without a fierce wind holds the rain at bay,
  But here the firelight's ruddy welcome streams
  O'er toilworn forms, and on the pewter gleams
Where foams the bright brown ale of Arcady.
The cares of the brief winter day are o'er.
  Now Hesperus brings his boons ; the pipes are lit,
  Fast flows the interchange of homely wit,
The talk of ten-mile-travels and wildwood lore."

As far back as one can follow the ancient records of the town, there has always been a Mermaid Inn there, and when it is remembered that Rye was the birthplace, in 1579 of Fletcher, the Elizabethan dramatist, it seems to bring the whole place into quite close connection with Shakespeare and the famous Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street. The Mermaid Inn at Rye has been refronted, and is built round a small courtyard. It has several good fireplaces and oak-panelled rooms. Lower down the street is Old Hospital, as it is called, which once belonged to the well-known Rye family of Jeake. It is an almost perfect specimen of a timbered house, with three pointed overhanging gables, steep, tiled roof, and charming leaded windows, whose diamond panes bulge in and out with age and catch the light at all angles. At the bottom of the steep pitch we turn to the right into the Mint, which winds

round into High Street, on the north side of which we face the charming red brick frontage of Pocock's School, where Thackeray's Denis Duval went to school.

In past years shipbuilding flourished at Rye, Sussex oak, the best in the kingdom, being close at hand. But this industry has to a large extent declined, though smacks are still built at the Rock Channel Shipyard—a yard which has a reputation among fishermen. In "Simple Simon" ("Rewards and Fairies") we read of a forty-foot oak going down to Rye to make a keel for a Lowestoft fishing boat, and the last time I was in the town I heard the shipbuilders of this indomitable port cheerfully hammering away at their work in a manner that plainly said, "If the sea will not come to Rye, we will go down to the sea." An indomitable temper and a readiness to believe that to-morrow will be brighter than to-day is the prevailing spirit of her people, and as Mr. Hueffer has remarked, the town "has an incredible hold upon life and its beloved rock." It was this spirit that cheerfully rebuilt Rye from its frequent ashes and raised up the great church that now crowns the rock, and deserves, not less than in Jeake's time, his praise as being "the goodliest edifice of the kind in Kent and Sussex, the cathedrals ex-

cepted." The town gave birth to the remarkable family of the Jeakes. The first, born in 1623, was the historian of the Cinque Ports, and builder of the family house in Mermaid Street. He was an astrologer and an alchemist, who left a store of books in fifteen languages, but no copy of "Shakespeare." He left a "Treatise on the Elixir of Life," and a note in his diary states that he laid the foundation-stone of his house "under a position of heaven." The astrologically curious should observe the curious figured stone (if it has not been removed) in the front wall. The second Jeake drew horoscopes, wrote on astrology and the other secret and hidden things, and at the age of twenty-nine married Elizabeth Hartshorne, aged thirteen and a half. The third Jeake—they were all called Samuel—goes down in the book of fame for constructing a flying machine, which would do anything else but soar up to the skies, and which in the end nearly killed him. They were a queer cranky family, and one may trace the same whimsical disposition in many of Kipling's Sussex characters, especially in "Widow Whitgift," who was concerned in the flight of the fairies in "Dymchurch Flit," and Tom Shoesmith in the same story.

But as Kipling remarks, Rye is but the edge of

The Marsh—" the won'erful odd-gates place—Romney Marsh "—where the people are all more or less full of whims and superstitions. So secluded is it from the rest of England, that one can well understand how Tom Shoesmith speaks of the world as being divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Romney Marsh. It is now, as in Leland's time, " a marvelous rank ground for fedyng of catel," but not so well adapted to the comfort of its human inhabitants, because its air —to adopt Lambarde's quaint phraseology—is " bad in winter, worse in summer, and at no time good." This section of the country appears in the delightful story " Dymchurch Flit," and we are told that the Marshmen say that from Time Everlasting Beyond, the Pharisees have favoured the Marsh beyond the rest of Old England.

An old quatrain much quoted about this tract of country states that it is conspicuous for wealth without health, and supports Lambarde's remark that " here anyone shall find good grass underfoot rather than wholesome air above the head " :

" Rye, Romney and Hythe for wealth without health,
The Downs for health and poverty,
But you shall find both health and wealth
From Foreland Head to Knole and Lee."

A sidelight is cast upon the marshman's belief

in the supernatural in Kipling's "Brookland Road." Brookland lies about nine miles to the north of Lydd in a country of many waters, and it was in the shadow of the picturesque old village trees in the "middest of a hot June night" that the rustic caught sight of the face of his ghostly love:

"She only smiled and she never spoke,
She smiled and went away;
But when she'd gone my heart was broke,
And my wits was clean astray."

The church, dedicated to St. Augustine, is a goodly building, with a three-storied bell tower of massive timber standing detached on the north side. There is a confessional in the chancel, and a piscina within the altar rails. The Norman font, made of cast lead, is enriched with two rows of very small emblematical figures, twenty in each row. Turning to the right on leaving the church, we gain, in about fifteen minutes' walk, the Blue Wall, stretching from Romney to Appledore, and following the ancient course of the Rother. For a few yards we keep towards Appledore, and then again turn off to the right. We soon find ourselves at Brenzett, which is mentioned in "A Three-Part Song":

"Oh Romney level and Brenzett reeds,
I reckon you know what my mind needs!"

On the evening of my tour about Rye, I returned feeling very weary to a certain hostelry and demanded entertainment, and after a meal I went into the bar to drink beer with some labourers, a tramp, and a local gentleman. The latter was of no great age, but of a venerable appearance. He was perhaps fifty years old, but he had let his hair grow longish and wore a soft felt hat crushed on his head in a careless manner. His features had the preoccupied look of the dreamer and idealist, and his whole appearance marked him as one of those who are careless about external show and consider life too valuable to be frittered away by money-making more than is absolutely essential for nature's most primitive needs. Presently I moved my measure of ale to his table, and began to talk to him of how good the gods had been to the people of Rye in granting them such a beautiful old town with its treasures of oak, and overhanging gables, and bulged leaded windows—all immemorial things. Much to my interest the local man informed me he had lived in the town for fifty-two years, and his family had lived there for three hundred. Sitting in the long smoke-scented twilight the stranger unfolded himself like a lotus to the Egyptian moon. He was a worthy man—the child of

well-to-do Sussex yeoman ancestry—a man both brilliant and the possessor of a great store of the philosophy and knowledge of village folk. Above all, he was an epicure in inns. Not the dingy public-houses or the modern "hydros" dealing in crem-de-menths and stuffs which appeal to the extravagant, but INNS, mark you! Inns with long and low windows and pleasing red blinds. Inns with round oak tables agreeably ringed with memories of a thousand pewter measures of ale. Inns in which mine host is still Mr. Merrythought and where the guest is always made welcome. Inns where the ale has character and distinction, and is served with all the prescribed rites; where one may call for, and receive, strong audit ale in a tall tapering glass, Burton in the mazy mug of willow pattern, or Small Beer in the pewter. I discovered later that my friend was the son of a Gascon father and a Sussex mother, which accounted for his scholarly speech, love of songs, and many oddities of temperament.

He had established himself as the Dictator of the ——Inn, and all people bowed to his will. He ruled there autocratically, having instituted various rites and rules, disobedience to which was visited with his most scorching rebukes. He had a prescriptive right to the tall dark oak chair with the

red plush back, and the peg beside the coloured hunting scene was sacred to his venerable head-dress. He seemed to pass his life tramping through the highways and by-ways of England, bringing to bear an aristocratic, artistic scorn on all the modern conveniences of life, which have multiplied so fast of late. To this day, therefore, he writes with a quill pen and is the possessor of a pot-bellied gold watch which winds up with a large key. He drinks no soda-water but from a round-bottomed tumbling bottle with a wired cork, and the reader will learn without surprise that motor cars are anathema to him.

I could see that the stranger was willing enough for companionship, and chance companionship having a fascination for me, I said to him : " Let us smoke and call for ale."

We lit our pipes and called each for our own drink, I for my audit ale, and the stranger (whom I shall call Balger) for a brandy. These placed before us we moved over to the tramp and labourers at the great table and saluted them. We asked them to fill their mugs at our expense. The tramp slowly filled a well-gnawed pipe, placed it beside him on the table, lifted his mug, and paused before taking a draught, to wish us health.

MYSELF : " That is the best wish in the world,

and only one letter differentiates the word 'health' from 'wealth.' The things themselves are even more closely related. Every time you get out into the sun and wind and laugh and drink old ale, you are absorbing potential wealth into your being."

BALGER: "What you say is true. Moreover, one of the true sons of Rye, John Fletcher, gave us this thought in majestic rhyme:

> "Drink to-day and drown all sorrow,
> You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:
> Best, while you have it, use your breath:
> There is no drinking after death.
>
> Then let us swill, boys, for our health,
> Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.
> And he that will to bed go sober
> Falls with the leaf still in October."

THE TRAMP: "Why, I can sing a song in that style."

(In a very full and decisive manner he gave us that indefensible glee roared out for generations by Sussex rustics):

> "He who goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
> Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October:
> But he who goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
> Lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

BALGER: "Now that is a good song. With such a companionable thought who can say that the jovial past is dead? The merry ghost of the past still smiles at us broadly, and we are here to-night to keep the ghost smiling. We will drink to the memory of that jolly old playwright named Cratinus, who died of a broken heart on seeing some soldiers spear a cask of wine and let it run to waste. And to Chaucer who received from England's King a great measure of wine daily in London town. And to Doctor Johnson who declared roundly and without shocking anybody, 'Brandy, sir, is the drink for heroes.' On this theme a writer by the name of Peacock composed some verses, and as I think you may not have previously heard them, I shall make the experiment of singing them to a tune of my own."

And with that Balger went over to the piano and sang to us this drinking song which is the kindest and most scandalous that poet ever penned:

'If I drink water while this doth last,
May I never again drink wine;
For how can a man, in his life of a span
Do anything better than dine?
We'll dine and drink, and say if we think
That anything better can be;
And when we have dined, wish all mankind
May dine as well as we.

And though a good wish will fill no dish,
  And brim no cup with sack,
Yet thoughts will spring as the glasses ring
  To illumine our studious track.
O'er the brilliant dreams of our hopeful schemes
  The light of the flask shall shine ;
And we'll sit till day, but we'll find the way
  To drench the world with wine."

Balger sang those verses three times over, and the labourers, seeing how good things were tobacco and ale, helped him with the chorus, and then swelled in diverse tones the lines :

" And when we have dined, wish all mankind
  May dine as well as we."

Myself (to the company) : " Now is not that an honest kind of song, and does it not recall other mellow lines by a South Downs man—Hilaire Belloc ? "

The Tramp : " That name is new to me, although I have tramped the Downs for many years.

Balger : " Then I will sing you a tavern-bred, tavern-carol by this poet. But when I sing her you must pounce on the chorus and make the hussy go with a great round roar of song. Let it be a gale of song blowing around the world."

Having thus adjured the company, Balger in a low mellow voice began to sing that carol which Grizzlebeard (in Belloc's " The Four Men ") put down as a definite, unrepentant expression of heterodoxy :

" Noel ! Noel ! Noel ! Noel !
A Catholic tale have I to tell ;
And a Christian song have I to sing
While all the bells in Arundel ring.

I pray good beef and I pray good beer
This holy night of all the year,
But I pray detestable drink for them
That give no honour to Bethlehem."

When Balger came to the third verse, he said that he would sing it very slowly, as he wished us to catch up the words as he went along. He sang that verse twice, with simple craft, and the words beat like blows upon the company :

" May all good fellows that here agree
Drink audit ale in heaven with me,
And may all my enemies go to hell !
Noel ! Noel ! Noel ! Noel !
May all my enemies go to hell !
Noel ! Noel !

The mood was on us, and to the lilt of some old-world music, we bellowed out that third verse

with such gusto that several curious people came in and joined us.

At the first the people who drifted in to hear the sing-song were all desperately correct. But by degrees the jovial music and the good aroma which rose from the Old October ale set a tune in their hearts. Loud laughter and free jests replaced formal conversation between the songs; the consumption of ale was Rabelaisian. But Balger was the great, the omnipotent personage of the feast. Indeed, he had the incommunicable gift of setting his soul a-dancing as he played and sang his songs, of putting a hundred little devils into the feet of the listeners which made them long to dance to his mad tunes. But with all his buffoonery, and runagate ways, he never quite lost a certain aristocracy of demeanour.

THE TRAMP: "Seeing how you're a man of rare musical gifts, I should like you, sir, to mek a rhyme of mine run to a tune—a right good rollicky tune."

BALGER: "I will make you a tune which will pretty well knock a lark out o' the sky."

THE TRAMP: "Then I will speak to you the rhyme."

"Hipperdy, nipperdy, nick-nock,
The Poor Man's back of the clock-clock;

Give him a bray,
Drive him away,
While we all of us sing tick tock."

BALGER: "Oh! Lord! That is mere tom-foolery! The man chaunts no-sense stuff as we say in Sussex."

THE TRAMP (angrily): "It is nothing of the sort. It is a great charm against the Poor Man which my mother told me, and it is a charm which every child should know and every grown man remember. You must know that the devil, or, as we Sussex people more sympathisingly call him, the Poor Man, wroth at the number of churches which sprang up yearly in the neighbourhood of the Downs, near Brighton, resolved to dig a trench from this point down to the sea, and so to inundate the whole countryside. But as he was toiling by night with assiduous energy, he was descried by an old woman from the cottage window, who held up a candle in a sieve that she might the better comprehend his design, and frightening the devil into the belief that it was the sunrise, he immediately disappeared. When he found out his error his black heart was full of raving passion and he flew away over the hills to Mayfield to tell St. Dunstan how he had been tricked (for he had it in his black heart that

St. Dunstan would punish the old woman for the deception) and found the old boy singing of Mass. And when St. Dunstan had heard the Poor Man whine out his story of how he had been tricked, he asked him to step into his little workshop in the palace, and drink a friendly mug of Mayfields buttery ale over the matter.

"Then the Poor Man took a seat while St. Dunstan blew the bellows and made his forge fire roar up, for St. Dunstan, hap you have heard, was odd-fashioned no bounds, and a wonderful hand at smithying and fashioning altar vessels.

"And all the time the devil was first raging and roaring away with passion, and then shrill and sorrowful about having been cheated by the old woman, while St. Dunstan, who felt trouble same as eels feel thunder, was warming up a particularly long and sharp pair of pincers in his forge, 'Now what do you think of it all?' said the Poor Man. 'I think you have been very scurvily treated,' said St. Dunstan coaxingly, and with that he pulled his tongs all red-hot from the charcoal fire and fixed them tight on the devil's nose, who, with a single spring, leapt to Tunbridge Wells, where he cooled the injured organ in a brook, imparting to the waters thereabouts the harsh flavour ever since retained."

MYSELF: "Yes, but look here. That legend really belongs to Glastonbury—if you don't mind me pointing it out."

The tramp did seem to mind very much indeed, for he puffed out prodigious clouds of smoke from his pipe, and swelled with rage.

THE TRAMP: "Hutt! I've heard that talk too. If you listen to them foreigners out that way, you'll listen to a pack o' lies. And ain't the very tongs he twitched the ole man's nose with still to be seen by all folk at Mayfield and the old hammer too, both manufactured of good Sussex iron at the Mayfield furnaces. Bah! You've been misled by the heretics."

MYSELF: "I beg your pardon. I'm sorry."

THE TRAMP: "Enough! You are forgiven. But maybe you will think of this rhyme in eternity, and no doubt you will come up against the poor man who is always on the look out to entrap good Christian people. So although this jingle appears to have little or no meaning to you, it has a deep and intimate significance to others. The poor man back of the clock is the ole devil, whose approach must be driven away with this song. Nothing like a good song to keep him at arm's length."

BALGER: "Yes! Yes! All songs are good!

We must not let old customs decay, for such things are vital to man. We will sing the tramp's song and drink to the ghost of the noble past."

When the tramp's jingle had been trolled out by the whole panjandrum—Lord, how we all gave that throat!—the time had come when the good people must be going, and when the last had paid his reckoning and gone his way under the star-litten sky, I drew my chair up to the fire (for I was to sleep in the house that night) called for a mug of Smith's noted Lamberhurst ale and filled one more pipe to smoke with the landlord. And then to bed.

About two miles from Appledore Station we come to the church and village of Fairfield, another of the small and lonely settlements which dot the borders of the marsh. The truth of Kipling's lines:

> "Oh! Fairfield Church is water-bound
> From Autumn to the Spring."

may be appreciated from a circumstance recorded about eighty years ago by Hasted: "For the greatest part of the year, the marshmen could only approach their church by boat, or on horse-back, and, in the latter case, they waded through the waters up to their saddle girths."

In these verses Kipling treats of emotions which are the common property of man. We have all had the same feelings as the rustic on Brooklands Road some time or other—the midnight walk through some desolate country, the impalpable night, ominous, mysterious all around, foliage so dense that the stars are hidden, strange shadows dancing and trees that twist their branches into fantastic shapes, the long-drawn-out and mournful howl of a dog which spells the word death somewhere at the back of the brain, and then—O Terror of Terrors!—the patter of footsteps behind; footsteps that stop when you pause, and commence again when you step breathlessly forward.

The marshes about Fairfield are the haunts of wild fowl, snipe especially breeding in abundance, while the ditches are well stocked with eels and perch, with here and there a ferocious pike to wage war upon the smaller fry in the stream. The weathercock of Fairfield Church, that turns and creaks overhead, is riddled with bullets, and the reason of this I am told is that there is a tradition among sportsmen that when they pass the little church it is the correct thing to salute the old vane with powder and shot. This church is very old—some say over a thousand years. Services are not held here in the winter time. It

is interesting to learn that only one wedding and one burial have taken place in this church during the last sixty years.

Over the west gable is a wooden turret containing three bells said to have been founded by Danyell, about 1450.

OUT-LYING VILLAGES AT BEXHILL

Chapter V

OUT-LYING VILLAGES AT BEXHILL

There are several old houses at Hooe, about four miles north-west of Bexhill, which are worth examination. There is a fine old fireplace at Eaton's Farm which bears the date 1672, and Court Lodge, which was built in 1637, is a handsome old house, and once the residence of the Fullers, a family mentioned in Kipling's "Gloriana." Many generations of this family of forge-masters are buried in Hooe churchyard. On account of the awful earthquake at Lisbon, which even affected the sea round the Sussex coast, a general fast was appointed for Friday, February 6th, 1756, and Nathanael Torriano, M.D., Minister of Hooe and Ninfield, preached two sermons which were printed, secured much notice, and obtained a large circulation. Copies of them are in the British Museum. His congregation on the Thursday evening must have been more sleepy than usual, for he said: "Do not prostitute this house of prayer by changing it into a dormitory." The vestry of Hooe Church is said to have been

built about 1100. In the east end is a large arched recess, in which there existed a very old fireplace. It is supposed an altar stood in it. It has been suggested that the base of the chimney stack once supported a calvary (or stone cross), or formed the steps to an entrance. Another idea is there was a room to the east of the vestry, and a door where the chimney stands. Part of the brickwork is Norman (as in Battle Abbey). It is possible that it was the Prior's residence till about 1370, when it became a lady chapel, and in 1559-60 it was transformed into a vestry, with a fireplace where the altar had stood. The masonry in the gable ends is of a later period—probably Perpendicular. The interior walls of the vestry are very uneven, but colourwash, whitewash and plaster prevent an examination of their composition.

The Lamb Inn on Sewers Bridge on the road to Pevensey, the Wheatsheaf Inn at Little Common on the road to Bexhill, and the Red Lion at Hooe are all ancient and notable old inns with noble open fireplaces and plenty of Sussex oak beams in their ceilings. The most critical wayfarer, if he can find half an excuse should turn in and quaff a pint of ale with the marshmen at the Lamb. Here, if it be a winter's evening, ash-wood logs

burn and lend incense to the old rooms. Only green ash wood is used for fuel in Sussex. Sare—that is the local word for withered wood—is never used :

> " Burn ash-wood green,
> Fit fuel for a Queen :
> Burn ash-wood sare
> 'Twool make a man swear."

What a wonderful thing is the tickle of ash-wood smoke! It is a little flitting ghost of an odour subtle with suggestions of the English country-side and home. Surely it is one of the most poignant of our emotions, this nostalgia born of a whiff of wood smoke. Kipling knows the odour of burning logs as the parent of visions and reveries, for I find him telling the Royal Geographical Society (February 18, 1914), all about this primal and elemental appeal to our emotions :

" I suggest, subject to correction—there are only two elementary smells of universal appeal—the smell of burning fuel and the smell of melting grease. The smell, that is, of what man cooks his food over, and what he cooks his food in. Fuel ranges from coal to cowdung—specially cowdung—and cocoanut-husk ; grease from butter through ghi to palm and cocoanut oil ; and these two, either singly or in combination, make the back-ground and furnish the active poison of nearly all the

smells which assault and perturb the mind of the wayfaring man returned to civilisation. I rank wood-smoke first since it calls up more, more intimate and varied memories over a wider geographical range, to a larger number of individuals than any other agent that we know. My powers are limited, but I think I would undertake to transport a quarter of a million Englishmen to any point in South Africa, from Zambezi to Cape Agulhas, with no more elaborate vehicle than a box of matches, a string or two of rifle cordite, a broken-up biscuit box, some chips of a creosoted railway sleeper, and a handful of dried cowdung, and to land each man in the precise spot he had in his mind. And that is only a small part of the world that wood-smoke controls. A whiff of it can take us back to forgotten marches over unnamed mountains with disreputable companions ; to day-long halts beside flooded rivers in the rain ; wonderful mornings of youth in brilliantly lighted lands where everything was possible—and generally done ; to uneasy wakings under the low desert moon and on top of cruel, hard pebbles ; and, above all, to that God's own hour, all the world over, when the stars have gone out and it is too dark to see clear, and one lies with the fumes of last night's embers in one's nostrils—lies and waits for a new horizon to heave itself up against a new dawn. Wood-smoke magic works on every one according to his experience. I live in a wood-smoke country and I know how men, otherwise silent, become suddenly and surprisingly eloquent under its influence."

About two and a half miles west of Bexhill is Cooden Beach. Bungalows fringe the sea front, but the beach is very secluded. The following

verses, written by Geoffrey Howard, express the repose, sweetness of the sea air, and beauty of the chance-made gardens of the surrounding country :

" I know a beach road,
A road where I would go,
It runs up northward
From Cooden Bay to Hooe ;
And there, in the High Woods,
Daffodils grow.

And whoever walks along there
Stops short and sees,
By the moist tree-roots
In a clearing of the trees,
Yellow great battalions of them
Blowing in the breeze.

And there shall rise to me
From that consecrated ground
The old dreams, the lost dreams
That years and cares have drowned :
Welling up within me
And above me and around
The song that I could never sing
And the face I never found."

For a beautiful walk from Hooe, which would embrace the highly interesting Hurstmonceux Castle, I should be disposed to recommend a three-mile walk to Wartling Hill, where there is a church dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. The south aisle is separately dedicated to St. Catherine.

A fair and quiet resting place encircles this grey old church, and your thoughts here should go back to the Færie Queene :

" This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worlde's sweet Inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle."

On the south exterior you may see a Pelham buckle, and a Catherine wheel carved on the buttress.

The last mile of the lane, which leads from Hooe to Wartling, is thick with hazel-nut bushes, and should you walk that way in September you must remember the Sussex proverb, " If you go a-nutting on Sunday, Satan will come and hold the boughs down for you ! "

The Convent House is a notable old red-tiled building, and the most critical wayfarer will be arrested by the sign of " Teas served here," hanging on the gate, also the Lamb Inn is well qualified to entertain the wanderer.

About one mile past Wartling is a gate on the left which gives access to the Hurstmonceux domain ; this being entered, the upper part of the ruin will soon come into view ; the castle lies quite in a hollow.

The gardens are open on payment of a small fee on Wednesdays.

Founded in the time of Henry VI., on the site probably of an earlier residence, by Sir Roger de Fienes, an Agincourt warrior, the Castle is now one of the most picturesque ruins in England, and is the more worthy of attention from its being one of the largest brick structures of the middle ages now remaining. Though decayed, it continued in something like its original state till near the close of the eighteenth century, but in 1777, after an examination by Wyatt, the architect, it was decided to dismantle it, so far as the roof and timber work were concerned. The Castle contained as many windows as there were days in the year, and as many chimneys as there were Sundays.

The moat formerly spread out into a large pond, but in the reign of Elizabeth it was drained and formed into a *pleasaunce*. The gateway is in the south tower, and here the pseudo-military character of the structure is strongly marked with its port grooves and cross-bow loop holes. In the "Handbook for Eastbourne" (1878), George Chambers gives a description as the castle appeared at that date :—

"From the turrets the sea is visible, but the staircases are now too dilapidated for them to be accessible, though the first 42 steps of the staircase in the Eastern

turret are in fair condition. Over the gateway is the badge of the Fieneses, an *alant* or wolf-dog, holding in his paws a banner charged with 3 lions rampant. The turrets are pierced for 3 tiers of cross-bows loop-holes to command the draw-bridge. Below the lowest tier are holes for the discharge of match-lock guns, which in early times required to be fired almost on a level and from supports.

" The Castle is very nearly square, the N. and S. fronts being 214 feet and the E. and W. 206 feet long, measured from centre to centre of the several towers at the four corners. These corner towers which are octagonal and embattled, rise about fifteen feet above the adjacent battlements. Somewhat similar towers occupy the centre of each of the W., N. and E. fronts, but that on the N. is much dilapidated. Midway between the corner towers and the central towers the uniformity of each front is broken by semi-octagonal embattled projections of the same height as the main building. The southernmost of the projections on the E. front exhibits an oriel window of good proportions, which admitted light to the room known as the ' Lady's Bower.'

" The gateway opens into the Porter's Lodge, portions of the vaulted ceiling of which are still to be seen. The room over is called the ' Drummer's (or Haunted) Tower.' The un-earthly drum of Hurstmonceux is said to have been the invention of a gardener, who sounded it in the interest of certain smugglers by whome the Castle was frequented.

" The Guard-room is situated to the W. of the gateway. Traces remain in the S. wall of the furnaces fitted up for the casting of bullets.

" Under the tower at the S.E. angle is a room, once

a dungeon; a stone pillar with a chain attached—a melancholy indication—existed in Grose's time.

"It would seem that the founder of Hurstmonceux wished posterity to know of him as a man addicted to hospitality, for the oven in the bakehouse is 14 feet in diameter. The bakehouse was near the S.W. angle, and the oven is still to be seen; according to tradition 24 women once sat down to tea in it. The kitchen, which nearly adjoined the bakehouse on the N., was of somewhat corresponding dimensions, for instance, it was 28 feet high and contained three large fireplaces. Two of these built in the W. wall, may be readily found, though they are now bricked up."

Addison's comedy "The Drummer," is founded on the Hurstmonceux tradition of a devilish musician who sent forth a mysterious tattoo.

Bulverhythe, mentioned in "Dymchurch Flit," is distant about a mile and a half from St. Leonards. On the right of the road are the ruins of an ancient church or chapel. Bulverhythe is said to take its name from the peculiar nature of the gift made by William the Conqueror to one of his followers—the grant being as much ground as could be compassed or covered by a bull's hide. In the ordinary manner this would have been but a poor territory had not the recipient resorted to the expedient of cutting the hide into as thin strips as possible, and thus enclosing a somewhat extended area. This is a very old story, and not

peculiar to Bulverhythe. The more learned derivation of the name is from Bolver or Bulver, one of the war titles of Odin. The word was written formerly Bolewarheth, and has become altered to the present spelling. The sea has made terrible advances at this point, the encroachment being attributed to the fall of the cliffs at Beachy Head, as well as those which formerly projected into the sea at Bulverhythe and Galley Hill Points. Various relics of the stone work and tiles of the chapel built in the thirteenth century by the Earls of Eu were found when an excavation was made in 1862, and the ground plan was distinctly traced. In former days, there was a considerable haven for ships at Bulverhythe, and in 1676, a town meeting decreed that all "shallops and other outlandish vessels which put into Bulverhythe haven," if they came on shore within the borough should pay 12d. to the pier-wardens.

PEVENSEY

Chapter VI

PEVENSEY

Pevensey and its Castle is the scene of four stories by Kipling: "Young Men at the Manor," "The Knight of the Joyous Venture," "Old Men at Pevensey," "The Treasure and the Law."

The first story introduces us to Sir Richard Dalyngridge, who tells of his part in the Battle of Hastings, where his life was saved by Hugh of Dallington, and how he kept peace between Norman and Saxon in the manors behind Pevensey. The second story tells how Sir Richard and Hugh of Dallington went to Africa with Witta, a Norseman, and Kitai, a Chinese with a primitive mariner's compass. The third story is a sketch of Gilbert De Aquila, who is now Warden of Pevensey Castle and an old man, and the last tale is of Kadmiel, a Jew from Spain, who tells Dan and Una about Elias of Bury St. Edmunds, money-lender to John Lackland, who had found the balance of the treasure of Sir Richard Dalyngridge hidden in the tidal well at Pevensey Castle.

Pevensey lies between Eastbourne and Hastings,

and is easily accessible from either town. The whole parish, there is no doubt, was at one time covered with water. In addition to Pevensey being considered the famed Roman Station, it also claimed for its historic importance that it was here William from Normandy landed. The first mention of Pevensey occurs in 792, when, with Hastings and Rotherfield, it was handed over to the Abbey of St. Denis at Paris. Here it was that, some twenty years before the Norman Conquest, Sweyn, the son of the famous Godwin, came to meet his father, and entrapped and murdered his cousin Beorn. It was from Pevensey that William embarked a few months after the invasion to revisit his dominions in Normandy. The Castle was bestowed on the half-brother of William, Robert, Earl of Moreton Cornwall, and he, it is believed, repaired the fortress, and added the Norman buildings. In 1088, William II. besieged the Castle for six weeks, Bishop Odo having taken refuge therein.

Gilbert de Aquila (see Kipling's "Young Men at the Manor") held the Castle under Henry I., while in 1144 King Stephen laid siege to it, but found it was too strong to be taken by storm. The Castle was also attacked by the young Simon de Montfort, in 1265, and in 1399 it was bravely

defended by Lady Pelham against the forces of Richard II. Several illustrious persons have been kept in "durance vile" in the Castle, notably, in the early part of the fifteenth century, Joan of Navarre, and Edward, Duke of York.

Pevensey Church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, lies to the east of the Castle. It is an Early English edifice with a tower and spire in an unusual position—on the north of the church nearly in mid-length of nave and chancel. A monument to John Wheately, *ob.* 1616, should be examined. He was a parishioner of Pevensey in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and contributed largely to the levy raised for the purpose of defence against the Spanish Armada. The Manor House, where he lived, occupied, it is believed, the site of the present market. On his crest, at the top of the monument, is a wheatsheaf—a play on the name. The east half of the chancel was for some years used as a lumber room. Earlier still, this chancel had been used as a lodge for cattle. It had also uses less innocent. The Rev. G. D. St. Quinton, who was Curate-in-charge of Pevensey in 1826, tells a story (Suss. Arch. Coll., v. 35, p. 80) of one day entering the disused chancel and finding a large quantity of contraband spirits neatly stowed under cover. A few days

afterwards it disappeared as suddenly as it came, and a small keg of brandy was left on the door-step, apparently as a thank-offering. There is no doubt that under his easy going predecessors the place had been regularly used as a smugglers' hold.

"Some Records of Bygone Pevensey," by the Rev. A. A. Evans, throws considerable light on Pevensey in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This pamphlet may be obtained in return for dropping twopence into an alms box in the church.

A few passages from the extracts from the parish registers and old records quoted in this booklet may be given :

"The Pevensey Hundred Court Book begins 1698, from which the following extracts are taken :

"1698. Wee present Wm. Dulvey and ffrancis Coomber for want of a bridge and stay between Monk's Marsh and the green lands, and that it be sufficiently repaired by the 25th day of March next, sub pœna 10s.

"1699. Wee present Richard Joans and John Wickason for Lying about at their own Hands and taking away of poor men's worke.

"1710. Wee present John Sargent, gent., for nott workeing four dayes in the Highway Last Year.

"1711. Wee present William Albury for keeping a Grayhound and for destroying Coney's and other Gentleman's game . . . ffine 8s. 8d.

"1713. Wee present Mr. Wm. Plumer, Wm. Shoosmith and William Winter for not removing their Dunghills out of the High Street in Pevensey.

" 1713. Wee present the Ditch or Sewer ffrom the new pump to the Horse-pound in Pevensey to be out of repair soo that the ffootway is nott passable.

" 1713. Wee present John Kine for conveying the soyle of his dwelling into the High Street in Westham to the Great Annoyance of her Maties Commonweal.

" 1717. Wee present the High way leading ffrom the Crossways at the Gallows Croft to Stone Cross to be very much out of Repair and Unpassable.

" 1717. Wee present the inhabitantt of the pish of Westham ffor the non-repairing of their Causey, sub pœna 6s. 8d.

" 1723. Wee present William Shoosmith for laying his Dung in the King's High street in Pevensey and that the same shall be removed this side the feast of St. James sub pœna 6s. 8d.

The name Shoosmith, which is mentioned in these records, is not infrequently met with in East Sussex at the present time, and it will be recalled that the old man who comes to Hobden's oast-house in Kipling's " Dymchurch Flit," is called Tom Shoosmith.

The Corporation of Pevensey was of great antiquity; it took its beginnings in dim Saxon times, and was a full-fledged and probably hoary institution with Bailiff, Jurats and Freemen, when the Normans landed in the Bay. Its dissolution came about in 1886, but it had long been dying. The Municipal Commissioners of 1835 say: " The

functions of the Corporation are scarcely more than nominal." "The town of Pevensey is in such a decayed state that there are not more than three or four persons within the parish considered competent for the office of Constable. There is only one house rated at £10. A 2d. scot produces £23." "The principal items of expenditure are usually the expenses of two dinners provided for the Bailiff, Jurats and Freemen." Most of the business of the Corporation—the election of Bailiff and other officials—seems to have been done in the chancel of Pevensey Parish Church, in accordance with "Usages and Customs, of the tyme where of no mynd is."

Here is an account of an election dinner :

	£	s.	d.
1826. J. Plumley, New Inn Pevensey			
28 dinners at 2/6d.	3	10	0
Negus	0	9	0
Punch	2	14	0
Spirits	0	19	0
Spirits mixed	1	7	0
Sugar	0	2	0
Porter	0	7	7
Tobacco	0	7	0
Servants	0	5	0
	£10	0	7

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[*To face page* 116

In the peaceful village street is the Mint House. A Mint formerly existed in Pevensey, and is mentioned in "Domesday Book," but whether on this site cannot now be ascertained. There are four coins in the British Museum struck at the Pevensey Mint, belonging to the reigns of William the Conqueror, William Rufus and Stephen. The quaint gables and tiled walls of the "Mint" house catch the eye of every visitor. Here tradition saith Edward VI., the "boy-king," came to recruit his health, and here also lived Andrew Borde, the original "Merry Andrew." He was a man who filled many parts—Court physician to Henry VIII., traveller, jester, spy, and famous for his quips and cranks. He was the author of the famous "Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham," which is believed to refer to Gotham, a manor partly in the parish of Hailsham, partly in that of Pevensey. We owe to him the anecdotes of the humble-minded magistrate, who protested that "though Mayor of Pevensey, he was but a man"; of the "freemen of the port" who *drowned an eel* as a mode of capital punishment calculated to be highly effectual; and sundry other "merrie jests." Alas! this man of mirth died a prisoner in the Fleet, 1549 A.D.

The bridge at the end of the street is a pic-

turesque feature of the village, but it has gruesome associations. In the early Middle Ages Pevensey possessed the privilege, in common with other members of the Cinque Ports, of drowning prisoners condemned of capital offences, and here, on what was then the bridge, the sentence was carried out. Nothing more serious takes place now than sheep-washing, an annual spring function. The water below the bridge is locally known as Salt Haven, that above the bridge, the Broad Haven.

Since on this ramble the reader might have dropped into Westham Church, which is about half a mile west of Pevensey, and is one of the most delightful old shrines in Sussex, this seems the place to speak of it. An excellent little penny history by the Vicar is to be obtained at the church, and it is full of plain, faithful records. Notice a stone stoup or vessel cut in the masonry outside the west door. The use of this was for holding holy water, into which people might dip their finger when coming into church. In the old times this stoup was at the height of a man's hand, but now it will be noticed that the ground has risen at least two feet, so that one has to bend down to touch it. Probably in the old days there was a wooden porch erected outside this west

door. There is a sundial built into the jamb of the little south door of the Norman wall, and it affords another example of how the ground has risen in the churchyard to the south-west. This dial was probably in the old times at the height of a man's hand. A gaping, wide-mouthed stone gargoyle is built into the wall under the north-west eaves of the vestry roof—probably part of the older church.

Three miles to the north-west is the Priesthaus, which was a *quasi* monastery in the old times. The Rev. Howard Hopley tells something of its history in his guide :

" This has been so altered and ' restored ' at one time and another that if the old monks were to come again they would not recognise their own dwelling. As you go in at the door the slab of a mitred Abbot lies under the threshold, and this has been broken in two. But across the modern hall you enter what are now the kitchens and sculleries. Here evidently was the great dining hall of the monastery—massive walls on either side testifying to its strength against invasion. The arch of the old fireplace can be traced. Although this has been bricked up and a modern kitchener inserted into the huge opening, the old stonework can be seen. The roof is lofty even now, but it is thought that the old roof was displaced in Henry VIII.'s time—when the monasteries were dismantled—to make room for the chambers that are now above it.

"In going up the stairs you come to these chambers—labyrinths of them. Most of them had been modernised, and the mullioned windows removed. Still here and there are secret places that you light upon—on the stairs and in the walls—suggesting grim possibilities—and bogey holes confront you—a terror to children : a lurking place for ghosts.

"An enormous oak beam runs athwart one of the attic stairways. There is a bedroom, which goes by the name of Queen Elizabeth's bedroom, overlooking the Downs.

"Excavations have been carried on in the garden towards the sunset. This magnificent square, or quadrangle, ramparted on two sides, is evidently an outline of what were once the cloisters of the monastery. Vaulted arcades, of course, ran all round, and in the centre was probably the garden, and perhaps the cemetery of the monks. If two diagonal lines were carried across the centre of the square, most likely masonry would be found where they met. Many of the old stones of the wall are still *in situ*, the ancient masonry intact."

Bunny Lewknor, a teamster mentioned in "Simple Simon," calls to mind an old Sussex family name. When the story first appeared in "Nash's Magazine," the name was spelt Lewkner, but it was altered into Lewknor when published in book form. In Westham Church this name appears on a monument to John Thatcher, Esq., who died 3rd September, 1649, without issue, and was the last of the once "noble family," as the inscription states, who were allied by marriage

with the families of Challenor, Lewknor, Oxenbridge, Sackville, Pelham, Colepepper, Stapley, Tresham and Audley. They were originally of the Broyle, in Ringmer, and then of Priesthawes in Westham.

Good fishing—pike, perch, etc., can be had in Pevensey Haven, which is preserved by an Angling Association. Tickets and information can be obtained from the landlord of the New Inn at Pevensey.

THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON

Chapter VII

THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON

The round now to be made may be too long for the wayfarer to take at one time, but it will be convenient to treat it as a whole, and then it may be broken up as thought convenient. Follow the road through Willingdon from Eastbourne until a turning about half a mile beyond goes to the left to Jevington. Another mile leads us to a turnpike at which three roads converge—to the right Polegate; to the left Wannock; to the centre Folkington and Wilmington. Just before reaching Wilmington four roads meet: that to the right leads to Arlington and Michelham; forwards to Berwick, Glynde, and Lewes; while the road to the left leads into Wilmington, and over the hill to Alfriston, and to Lullington, Litlington, West Dean and Seaford.

Wilmington Priory was an "Alien" Priory; that is, a subordinate foundation, dependent on some great foreign (Norman) Abbey. The institution of which Wilmington Priory was an offshoot was the Benedictine Abbey of Grestein,

near Honfleur, a Norman house which shared largely in the spoils of the Conquest. Some of these Alien Priories eventually became nearly independent; that is, bound to remit only a portion of their revenues to the foreign house, whilst others remained throughout their existence wholly under control in almost every matter. Wilmington was one of the latter class. All the Alien Priories were suppressed in the reign of Henry V.

Close by is the Long Man of Wilmington, a rudely excavated gigantic figure of a man, eighty yards in height, cut in the face of the hill. The figure reclines on its back with arms extended upwards, and there is in each hand, parallel to the body, a long staff or, according to Sir W. Burrell, a rake and hoe respectively.

The figure of the "Giant" recalls Kipling's lines:

> "I will go out against the sun
> Where the rolled scarp retires,
> And the Long Man of Wilmington
> Looks naked toward the shires."

There is little known about the Long Man, and when it was designed is a mystery. Some say it was a memorial made by the monks from the

Priory, but it is probably pre-historic. But the most attractive theory is that the figure is an image of Pol, the Sun God, pushing open the gates of darkness, and the town of Polegate, a railway junction near by, is put forward to strengthen the explanation.

I made friends at Wilmington. A shepherd, and the master of an inn, and a dog. It happened like this. I, making up my mind to enjoy a peace-pipe and a measure of ale, had just settled down in the snug back-room of the inn, when there strode in a tall brown-faced giant with grey whiskers and blue eyes. He called to his sheep-dog " Old Ben," and it bounded in after him.

The dog scampered about with a great deal of noise and his master said " Evening ! " in a loud happy voice. Then he called for a pint of " that stuff," and sat down on the bench sighing deeply.

I looked up. He was looking at me. I tilted my mug and said, " Here's to you."

Fifteen minutes later saw us seated with the landlord, the dog with his nose muzzled against my knee, discussing all manner of things. Also we talked of the fascinating history and evolution of dew ponds. The shepherd was a mine of information on the subject. His father had been accustomed to make sheep-ponds. I told him

that dew-ponds were also constructed by the Flint Men.

"I don't know nothing about foreigners, but my father made dunnamany ship-ponds on the Downs. He didn't need no books to guide him. There's no profit to doing things out of books. He was just about clever with ship-ponds. But it has queered many a man to make 'em."

"How's a dew pond made?" said the inn-keeper.

"It's a tedious job," replied the shepherd. "You first choose your spot, and then you dig your pond, and line it out with a layer o' mortar. Then you put a load of flints in an' stamp 'em well down. Then you crowd more mortar on, and same way, you lay more flints. Then you stamp in a mixture of sea-sand and clay. The mixture is beaten in, starting from the centre by a circle, and trampling rings around it till at last the edge of the pond is reached."

"But what is the source of the water supply?" I questioned. "Is it the dew which really feeds the pond?"

"There you be! My old father used to say that too," rumbled the shepherd, folding his brown arms. "You don't have to go out of your road to see that dew don't keep up ship-ponds.

They do fail in the dry season. Say we go two months without rain in the summer, and yet the dews be unaccountable heavy, do the ponds fill up? Not they. Nature-ally they go dry. And when the rain comes they fill middlin' well again. The dew-pond talk is no-sense talk, surelye."

"But they have always been called dew-ponds," I said, coaxingly.

"Eh me! We Sussex folk 'ud not call 'em dew-ponds. Ship-ponds—ship-ponds they be," said the shepherd, stretching with his huge fist, and smiling. "The rain feeds 'em by a deal o' conjurin' through little channels, same as it sinks through the chalk and feeds the 'normously deep old wells of the downland cottages."

The shepherd crossed over to the bar, and sucked with his pipe at the yellow candle flame.

"Do you want a bone?" said the innkeeper to "Old Ben."

"Whuff!" barked Old Ben to show that a bone was just about what he expected.

"Beef bones only," warned the shepherd. "It's not reasonable-like to give a ship-dog mutton-bones. Won'erful good dog; can do anything but talk. He can walk up the side of a brick wall, and he's old-fashioned no bounds.

He can see farther than most, and sometimes in the bostels and shaws after dark I think he may see things—not fur or feather or human. Who knows? And he is fond of a pint of ale, too."

The shepherd laughed softly.

"Whuff! Whuff!" barked the dog, one paw on his bone, so suddenly that we all laughed.

The shepherd told me that his father had an interesting relic in the shape of some old Sussex iron grappling hooks used for the extinction of village fires. They had been formerly kept at the Parish Church before his father came by them, and were used for pulling the thatch off a cottage in the event of fire. The shape was that of a long bar of sufficient length to reach the roof from the ground, with huge hooks at the end, and the weight was so great that several men were needed to handle them.

Michelham Priory lies about four miles north of Wilmington. It was a house of Augustinian Canons founded by Gilbert de Aquila, in the reign of Henry III. It formed a stately quadrangle, which was encircled by a broad deep moat, fed by the river Cuckmere, and noted as a favourite resort of the stealthy otter. Three fish-stews, supplied by the moat, are still in good condition. A drawbridge, now replaced by a

permanent bridge, was the only approach to the Priory.

In the Prior's chamber here once stood a stone fireplace with a curious projecting funnel, and a pair of andirons of Sussex iron terminating in human heads, of the time of Henry VII. The Priory is now used as a farmhouse, and near the back door, some Early English arches seem to indicate the position of the Priory Chapel. The large parlour is Elizabethan. An arched passage, running parallel with the crypt—called Isaac's Hole—may have been the monastic Laterna or place of punishment.

The old Priory mill, with its background of venerable trees, is an exquisite "bit" for the sketcher.

SEAFORD AND THE VALLEY OF THE CUCKMERE

Chapter VIII

SEAFORD AND THE VALLEY OF THE CUCKMERE

Seaford, thirteen miles east of Brighton, and eleven miles south-east of Lewes, formerly an important town, stands at the mouth of the Ouse, and is without doubt the ancient Mercredesburn (Moer-cryd, the sea-ford), the site of a great battle about A.D. 485, between the Saxons under Ella and the Britons. The history of Seaford is easily summed up: It was often attacked by the French in the time of Edward III. and was almost depopulated by "the black death." Claude d'Annebault, and his fleet, attempted to surprise it in 1545, but were replused by Sir Nicholas Pelham:

> "What time the French sought to have sackt Sea-ford
> This Pelham did repel 'em back aboord."

The men of Seaford and the neighbouring villages looked upon smuggling and wrecking as

high arts. Congreve has alluded to their rapacity in bitter lines :

" The Sussex men that dwell upon the shore
Look out when storms arise and billows roar,
Devoutly praying with uplifted hands,
That some well-laden ships may strike the sands,
To whose rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the spoils of Providence."

The D'Aquilas of Chyngton, an adjoining manor, were a power in the county in Norman times. Several of Kipling's stories in " Puck of Pook's Hill " are concerned with the father and son—Engerrard of the Eagle and Gilbert, who became Lord of Pevensey and Warden of the King. The local influence of this family is distinctly suggested in the device of an eagle, their badge, upon the Seaford Borough Seal, which evidently belongs to the thirteenth century. The legend, in Roman and Gothic characters mixed, upon the seal reads :

" SIGILLVM BVRGENSIVM DE SAFFORDIA,"

while that of the counter-seal of a much later date possibly cut in the days of Henry VIII. exhibits a three-masted vessel in allusion to Cinque Porte privileges, and the inscription meant to be read continuously with the other, is :

" WITH SVTTONII ET CHYNGTON."

In 1058 a Flemish vessel was driven ashore near Seaford. On board of her was one Balgerus, a monk of St. Winocs-Bergue, who is described as "*fidelis fur et latro bonus.*" It would almost seem that he came to justify these appellations, for he stole from the neighbouring monastery of St. Andrew certain relics alleged to have belonged to St. Lewinna, an early British convert belonging to Sussex, martyred by the pagan Saxons. Nothing is known as to the whereabouts of this monastery, but possibly it was at Lewes, and possibly also Lewinna gave her name to, or received it from Lewes (Suss. Arch. Coll. i. 46). But Lower thinks that for "monastery" we must read "church," and that the narrative applies to St. Andrew's Church, Alfriston.

The parish register dates from "firste year of Her Moste Gracious Reygne that now is" (1558). It has a hiatus from 1563 to 1566. In 1591 there is only one entry, but the register appears to be well kept after that date. Under 1653 the following entry of considerable interest occurs :

"Mem. John Saxby, clerk, minister of the town and port of Seaford, was chosen parish register by the consent of the parish and sworn before the justices and jurats of the said town."

It contains also the registration of the burial,

on June 6th, 1796, of John Costick, who fell over the cliff while engaged in taking mews' eggs, and whose body was floated by the tide to the mouth of the Cuckmere, where it was found.

The old Town Hall (now a Fire Brigade Station) is a relic of bygone days. Its narrow little staircase on the outside, its tiny door of entrance, and its diminutive prison on the level of the road, are objects of interest to the wayfarer.

The town chest contains records in an excellent state of preservation. They commence at 1562, and are almost perfect down to the present time. On a loose paper in the chest is a list of presentments apparently to the Quarter Sessions, some of which are very quaintly put. For example :

" We do present the good wife Pupe for mis usying her tonge to the hurt of hire naybors."

Among the findings are the following :

" We find Thomas Woman's wife *sacy* upon the witness, but she sagyte his beans and pease were spillide " (*i.e.*, spoiled).

" It that—Hyggyns . . . dothe occupy *Typling* and not admytted."

The last item may require it to be explained that in the ancient Sussex vocabulary tippling meant the trade of selling liquors, and not as we

understand it, over-indulgence in them, for amongst the town records is a document which may be regarded as the prototype of our "beer license," in which this word is so supplied. The word *tipler*, in the sense of a seller of ale, occurs likewise in other Corporation documents of this period.

That the Romans had a settlement in the neighbourhood of Seaford is satisfactorily shown by a cemetery discovered in 1825, which is about half a mile east of Corsica Hall, along the valley. Here a number of sepulchral urns were exhumed, and another was found in the cliff near the mouth of the Cuckmere.

A number of coins of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius were subsequently found in the neighbourhood of Seaford, and in 1854 a fine medal of Antonia, daughter of Mark Antony, was picked up on the beach below high-water mark. It is of the finest gold, weighing 5 dwts. 3 grs., and has on the obverse the following legend :

"ANTONIA AVGSTA : Reverse, SACERDOS DIVI AVGVSTI."

These coins and urns and jewellery, together with the encampment on the cliff between Seaford and the Cuckmere, show that it was evidently a place of importance in Roman times.

In the garden of a house in Church Street is a structure called "The Folly," built over an Early English vaulted room, twenty-seven feet long and thirteen feet wide and eleven feet high. Its history is unknown, though Mr. Lower conjectures that it had something to do with St. Leonard's Hospital, which has long since disappeared. Tradition says that a Town Hall once existed over this crypt.

In the old Plough Inn there is a stone chimney-piece of some antiquity, which is roughly carved with grotesque faces.

At the top of Broad Street is a substantial old house, into the front of which a stone has been inserted, marked "1693, 6 W.M." (sixth year of William and Mary). This building is known as the "Place House," but its history has not been recorded.

A very pleasant day's cycle ride from Seaford or Eastbourne may be made to Alfriston—whose name in the local shibboleth is "Arlston"—and the valley of the Cuckmere. The route is through Old Eastbourne, East Dean and Friston as far as Exceat, where at a fork in the road we follow northwards a course more or less parallel to the Cuckmere as far as Berwick. In a hollow close to Exceat lies the picturesque and curious village of

West Dean (about six miles from Eastbourne). The church here is Norman. The old Parsonage House of the fourteenth century abuts on the churchyard, and it is said that it was built by the monks of Wilmington.

At West Dean, in sweltering August sunshine, I strolled about, smoking a packet of Black Boy tobacco, purchased at the local grocer's, and trifling with time. Everybody else did something. I watched a farmer hanging red tiles on his barn—the tiles are first fitted with two little wooden pegs which catch on the rafters, and I understand that there is much skill needed to hang tiles in a correct manner. We may be certain that knowledge of this sort is older than ten thousand years.

The farmer and I drew into the inn later on. I noticed that his eye began to water for he could not abide my Black Boy tobacco, and I suppose his mouth watered (as mine did) when the large jug of beer was placed on the table.

Then we got upon the subject of dew-ponds, the brewing of ale, old songs, the laying of straw and thatching with reeds down Pevensey Marsh way. Such things go well with ale, and are immemorial, as Hilaire Belloc—a South Downs man—has written. I swapped old songs with the farmer.

But his songs were the best. I am prepared to admit that. One was called "The True Mayde of the South." It was about a "Maide dwelling at Rie, in Sussex, who for the love of a young man went beyond the sea in the habit of a page."

The farmer brought down the old faded broadside with ragged margins for me to copy when I went back to the farm with him. It was dated 1630, and I might here, perhaps, be allowed to insert part of the old ballad, since it bears on Sussex:

"Within the haven towne of Rye,
That stands in Sussex faire
There dwelt a maid whose constancie
Transcendeth all compare.
This turtle-dove
Did dearly love
A youth, who did appeare
In mind and face
To be the grace
And pride of Lester-shire.

Within short time it came to pass
To sea the young man went,
And left this young and pretty lass
In woe and discontent.
Who wept full sore,
And grieved therefore,
When truly she did heare,
That her sweetheart
From her must part
The pride of Lester-shire.

So in the habit of a page,
She did entreat his lord
That, being boy of tender age
He would this grace afford.
That he might goe
Service to show.
To him both fare and neere
Who little thought
What love she ought
To the pride of Lester-shire."

The lord, thinking she seemed a " bright and pretty lad," engaged her as a page, and the ballad follows on, after an omission of two or three verses which partake of rather a Rabelaisian spirit :

" For having travelled sixe weeks
Unknown to her lover,
With rosie blushes in her cheeks,
Her mind she did discover :
' See here,' quoth she,
' One that for thee
Have left her parents dear—
Poor Magery,
The Mayde of Rie
I am, behold me here ' ! "

Anthony heard, and his " heart did leape with joy," and the noble lord looked up and down the mayde's graceful figure and muttered a wicked swear word :

" ' Of such a page,
In any age,'
Quoth he, ' I did not heare.'

At Magrum in Germany
Their lord did see them married,
From whence into the Town of Rye,
In England they were carr'd ;
Where now they dwell,
Beloved well
Of neighbours farre and neere ;
Sweet Magery
Loves Anthony
The pride of Lester-shire."

George Gissing has given us a picture of West Dean in his " Thyrza " :

" The hamlet consists of a very few houses, all so compactly grouped about the old church that from this distance it seemed as if the hand could cover them. The roofs were overgrown with lichen, yellow on slate, red on tiles. In the farmyards were haystacks with yellow conical coverings of thatch. And around all closed dense masses of chestnut foliage, the green just touched with gold. The little group of houses had mellowed with age : their guarded peacefulness was soothing to the eye and the spirit."

About one and a quarter miles beyond the turning up to West Dean we arrive at Litlington—(" Litlying-tun," " the little enclosure ") also a small village. The church, which consists only of a nave, chancel and bell-turret, surmounted by a low spire, is small, but it has been neatly restored. The situation of the village, overlooking as it does

the river Cuckmere, is picturesque, and here the wayfarer will find some delightful tea gardens.

When I reached Litlington, the August afternoon seemed to give the village street a sort of thick, sleepy stillness smelling of meadow-sweet and hay—the farmers were all behind with their hay this year—and the old Plough and Harrow Inn, weather-tiled to the ground, took on a deep red shade. And over all the bees filled the hot August air with their humming.

One mile beyond Litlington and directly opposite to Alfriston is Lullington—a *very small* village. The church deserves a visit, as it is one of the smallest in England. Measured externally it is only twenty feet long and about the same wide. Some ruins prove it to be only the chancel of a former church.

Alfriston, which has been long in sight, is soon reached. Although a mere agricultural village, it is a place of some size, and is said once to have been much larger, as the size of the church indeed implies. There is a local saying that "one half of the place is asleep, and the other half on tiptoe lest they should wake them up!" The chief inn, "The Star," is itself worthy of a visit. This place of entertainment dates from 1520, and is thought to have been a resort of religious pilgrims

travelling to Chichester. Divers curious carvings decorate the house inside and out. At the corner next the lane is a large red wooden lion once the figure-head of a Dutch vessel, wrecked on the coast sometime during the last century. Over this is another wood carving of two animals supporting a staff. The dexter figure is thought by Mr. Lower to be intended for a bear and the sinister for a lion, the tail of the latter being passed between its legs and then over its back. The staff appears to be an official mace surmounted by a coronet. Note the large slabs of stone which do duty for tiles and prove how strong and enduring is a roof tree of Sussex oak. A full account of this house with a good engraving of it will be found in Suss. Arch. Coll., iv., 309-15.

Not far from "The Star" is what remains of a Village Cross. The portions that have disappeared are understood to have been employed in making *drains and doorsteps*! (Horsfield, "Hist. Suss.," i. 330).

Alfriston Church, dedicated to St. Andrew, lies a little out of the village towards the river. It is a large cruciform edifice of the fourteenth century, with a shingled spire. In the churchyard a simple headstone commemorates the fact that John Lower (born 1725) was the first to

navigate the little Cuckmere with barges. Close to the church is an ancient vicarage of post and panel, illustrating the lowly abodes which the clergy of its day were often content with. This house and hall were engraved in *The Builder*, September 24th, 1892. Of the six bells in the church tower, the only one that is ancient is dedicated to St. Augustine.

The registers of the church are of great interest, inasmuch as the entries in them are of an earlier period than we usually find in such records. Entries of marriages commence in the year 1504, whereas the official order to keep such records was not sent out till 1538. A curious entry which is worthy of note reads :

" Mildred Reed, buried Jan. 12-1816, aged 24."

Underneath this entry is the following note :

" A rumour having gone forth that this young woman was buried alive, her grave was opened eleven days after her interment in the presence of the minister of the parish, one of the churchwardens, the medical gentleman who attended her in her last illness, and a great multitude of people, all of whom on inspection of the body, were perfectly satisfied that the rumour was unfounded : although one old man who is very deaf said he heard a noise proceed from the grave two or three days preceding the exhumation. JOHN BENN, Curate."

The Market Cross House, an ancient hotel standing opposite the cross, should be visited. It boasts twenty bedrooms and the stranger is puzzled among the maze of passages and tangle of communicating doors. It is said that it was once a rendezvous of smugglers. The old house contains secret hiding-places, recesses in walls, abandoned fireplaces, a few stray ghosts, and behaves itself just as any house that can be traced back for nine hundred years should.

Those who desire to dwell at greater length on the history and romance of the little town should obtain Miss Florence A. Pagden's "History of Alfriston."

The name "Alfriston" has been thought to be Alfred's Tun, although some etymologists regard it as a compound of "old" and "Friston," to distinguish it from the other Friston, a few miles to the south. But in the "Domesday Book" the name is spelt "Alvricestone."

Berwick is a retired village a little over a mile north of Alfriston. The church contains a font built into the wall, an old chancel screen, and in the south-west corner of the churchyard is a curious mound, which is rather a puzzle to the student of antiquities.

Berwick Court, a farmhouse near this place,

boasts an old pigeon house which deserves notice. It is of unknown date, but was in existence in 1622. A record in a parish book reads that it was then rented to the parson for five pounds a year. (See Suss. Arch. Coll., vi. 233).

Firle Beacon is four and a half miles due north of East Blatchington, and is placed in the Downs at an angle where they run south to Beachy Head. Applied to it is the proverb :

> " When Firle Beacon wears a cap
> We in the valley gets a drap ;
> When Firle Beacon's head is bare
> All next day it will be fair."

The village beneath is called West Firle, but why is not known, for the only other Firle is the farm of Frog Firle in Alfriston.

All the hills about are crowded with ancient burrows, and Rudyard Kipling has given us the couplet :

> " Firle, Mount Caburn and Mount Harry
> Go back as far as sums'll carry."

Firle Place, with high roofs like a French château, occupies a pleasant situation in a park, and commands extensive views of the surrounding country and of the Weald. The hall is a perfect museum, chiefly of zoological objects, and the

picture gallery has many valuable paintings, particularly one by Holbein of Sir John Gage, who held important offices in the Court of Henry VIII. The chair constantly used by Napoleon I. at St. Helena is among the relics here.

"The Tramp" in his charming book on the South Downs, gives the following route for an invigorating twelve-mile walk in this area :

"I should be disposed to recommend a circuit from Seaford by footpath to Bishopstone, thence by a continuing footpath to Denton. From South Heighton, just beyond, go north by the Down track to Beddingham, already mentioned, and so come gradually to Beddingham Hill. Now, turning east, keep to the crest of the hills for rather more than three miles—to beyond the summit of Bostal Hill. Here a track from Alciston crosses. This strikes south-westward and is a direct way back to East Blatchington and Seaford."

NEWHAVEN AS A CENTRE

Chapter IX

NEWHAVEN AS A CENTRE

If Newhaven is taken as a centre, and a part circle is struck with a five-mile radius, Rottingdean comes just within the arc, also the Ouse villages of Piddinghoe, Southease, Rodmell and Telscombe.

At first Kipling made his home at Rottingdean, in the old house which faces the vicarage, where the Duke of Wellington, Cardinal Manning and Lord Lytton received their education; but the curiosity of literary pilgrims drove him to a stronghold at Burwash.

Of course, the church at Rottingdean has long been a place of pilgrimage for all who admire the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones or William Black.

When Kipling lived at "The Elms," near the church, he was much discomforted by a driver of the local 'bus who often pointed his whip when he encountered the poet, and announced in a stentorian voice to his human freight: "Here we have Mr. Kipling, the soldier-poet." Kipling

suffered this in silence, but things came to a crisis when the Jehu came into collision with his favourite tree, doing much damage to it. He wrote at once a vigorous letter of complaint to the 'bus owner, who was landlord of the "White Horse Inn."

Boniface laid the letter before the select company of his bar parlour, who, one and all, advised calm indifference. Also a man with an eye to the main chance offered the landlord ten shillings in cash for the autograph letter. Both cash and advice were accepted. A second and stronger letter followed, and Boniface carried the autograph to a bookseller and demanded a pound for it, since the violence of the letter was quite double strength. The bookseller eagerly snapped it up, and the merry landlord warmed to the game, dreaming of more missives. But next day Kipling entered briskly and very wrathful.

"Why don't I answer your letter, sir? Why I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one every day. They pay a deal better than 'bus driving."

Two roads, both hilly and dusty, connect Newhaven with the county town, Lewes; and the river Ouse takes a circuitous course between them. Along the western road a mile north of Newhaven we come to Piddinghoe.

The " gilded vane " of Piddinghoe Church no doubt induced Kipling to introduce this hamlet into his " Sussex " :

> " Where Piddinghoe's gilt dolphin veers,
> And where, beside wide-banked Ouse,
> Lie down our Sussex steers."

But Mr. Kipling is not correct, for the weather-vane is a fish !

This village, according to a local saying, is the place where they " shoe magpies." The meaning of this saying is obscure, but it tempts the suggestion that perhaps some Sussex wit was playing on the words " shoe " and " shoo." The other suggestion is that the land about here is so muddy that even the feathered inhabitants require footwear. Of course the village has been a famous nest of land-pirates and water-pirates on account of its seclusion, and for the same reason the villagers escaped the clutches of the press-gang. We have this fact commemorated in the old local rhyme :

> " Englishmen fight, Frenchmen too ;
> We don't—we live at Piddinghoe."

Two other curious sayings connected with this hamlet are :

> " At Piddinghoe they dig for moonshine."
> " At Piddinghoe they dig for smoke."

which can only be explained by supposing that they allude to the underground secret places of smuggling days. The little church, on a small hill sloping steeply to the river, is remarkable from the fact that it has a round tower which ends with a short conical cap. Only three such towers exist in Sussex, all in the valley of the Ouse ; the others being St. Michael's at Lewes, and the Southease Parish Church, three miles north from Newhaven.

A mile north of Southease lies the village of Rodmell, whose church has a Norman baptistry and font ; a Norman hagioscope with central carved column of black basaltic marble ; a quarry of ancient glass, a *Trinita* ; in its vestry window, a noticeable massive pier between nave and south aisle, and a remnant of a carved wooden screen at the east end of the latter.

On the walls of the parlour of the village inn are some warnings and precepts which will attract the eye of the tourist :

> " Free to sit and free to think,
> Free to pay for what you drink,
> Free to stop an hour or so,
> When uneasy, free to go ! "

" Use no language in this room that you would scorn to use at home."

" Call frequently.
Drink moderately.
Pay honourably.
Be good company.
Part friendly.
Go home quietly."

TABLE

1 pint	makes	1 quart.
4 quarts	,,	1 gallon.
2 gallons	,,	1 argument.
1 argument	,,	1 quarrel.
1 quarrel	,,	1 fight.
1 fight	,,	2 policemen.
1 magistrate	,	Twenty shillings
1 policeman	,,	or
1 magistrates' clerk	,,	Fourteen days.

Telscombe, a favourite spot for smuggling operations in the past, is a good walk from Brighton or Lewes for hillmen who " desire their hills." It is a charming and retiring little hamlet, out of reach of the blight of modernism, snugly nuzzling in its combe, above Piddinghoe. Kipling in " Brother Square Toes " refers to this district :

" The tide was dead low under the chalk cliffs and the little wrinkled waves grieved along the sands up the coast to Newhaven and down the coast to long, grey Brighton."

In another part of this story the Sussex family

of smugglers of the French Revolution days is introduced :

" Aurettes and Lees,
Like as two peas.
What they can't smuggle,
They'll run overseas ? "

Pharaoh Lee is the hero of another story, " A Priest in Spite of Himself," and as he explained, came from a family who, omitting a little running of contraband cargo, were all honest cottage folk —at Warminghurst under Washington. Puck supplements the tradition of the same family with an old saying :

" There was never a Lee to Warminghurst
That wasn't a gipsy last and first."

This saw takes us to Warminghurst which nestles among the trees, one mile north of Ashington, and one and quarter miles west of the Worthing and Horsham road. A long but pleasant day's excursion may be made from Worthing to this village, by way of Sompting, Findon and Washington ; returning through Sullington, across the downs to Clapham, and home by way of Durrington, Salvington and West Tarring.

The view from the hill on which Warminghurst

is perched embraces a considerable portion of the east of Sussex. From this site of the ancient manor-house the prospect eastward extends to the windmill at Cross-in-Hand, and the monument to the memory of "the hero of Gibraltar," at Heathfield.

The church is early English, with a large pointed east window, *temp.* Edward III. A brass, with figures of a man and woman, their seven sons and three daughters, commemorates Edward Shelley, d. 1554, Master of the Household to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary, and his wife Joan, d. 1553.

North-east of Newhaven lie the three contiguous villages of Denton, South Heighton and Tarring-Neville, which are worth visiting. They have been commemorated by the jesters of the Downs as "Heighton, Denton and Tarring all begin with an A." Bishopstone, which may be easily reached from Newhaven, has a remarkable church. The tower rises in four stages, each gradually diminishing in diameter. The chancel is in two divisions, with Norman and English arches. Observe the curious porch, and the Saxon sun-dial over the door, lettered with the name of some Saxon king, Eadric, who was probably its builder. A stone slab, inscribed with a

cross, bearing in circular compartments the Agnus Dei, and the symbol of two doves drinking should be carefully examined. It appears to be the work of some Norman sculptor, who, however, was not ignorant of the spirit and influences of Italian art.

A monument in the chancel commemorates the Rev. John Hurdis, Oxford Professor of Poetry, and an agreeable didactic rhymester, d. 1801. The epitaph is by Hayley. Hurdis was Vicar of Bishopstone, 1791, and Curate of Burwash from 1786 to 1791, and lived at the house called Fryls.

A VISIT TO LEWES

Chapter X

A VISIT TO LEWES

Lewes is the county town of Sussex. It lies chiefly on the right bank of the small river Ouse, on the slope of a chalk hill, one of the glorious South Downs, and others of that famous range are raised around it so as to shelter it, on almost every side.

It principally consists of one street—the High Street—winding from St. Anne's Church, east, to the foot of Cliffe Hill, west, about three-quarters of a mile, where it throws out two branches. One, named South Street, leads to Glynde, Firle, Alfriston and Eastbourne; the other, Malling Street, to Uckfield, East Grinstead and so to London.

"Proud Lewes and poor Brighthelmstone" is a proverb that no longer holds good, but from another old saying it would seem that Lewes formerly bore no enviable character. We are told:

"Lewes skin a rat, for its hide and fat!"

The Castle stands on high ground in the centre of the town, close to the High Street ; the remains are not extensive, but the gate-house is a good specimen of the architecture of the reign of Edward III. It is the property of the Lords of Lewes Castle, viz., The Marquess of Abergavenny, K.G., the Earl De La Warr and Lord Sackville, by whom it is leased to the Sussex Archæological Society. The visitors to the Castle number about 6,000 a year.

From the top of Station Street, the reader may begin a walk through the town. Going west, the following places are of interest : White Hart Hotel, old gabled houses, old clergy house, Barbican House (Sussex Archæological Society), old gabled house at top of St. Martin's lane, Tom Paine's house, Unitarian Chapel. From the top of Station Street, going east ; Old Rectory House of St. John, Town Hall, Lewes Bridge. From the railway station, going south, and then turning to the right, through Priory Street : Southover Church, Priory ruins, Anne of Cleve's house.

From the Old Bank, High Street, to Market Street and North Street : Old Market Tower, with the ancient bell " Gabriel " :

> " Oh, happy Lewes, waking or asleep,
> With faithful *hands* your time *archangels* keep !

S. Michael's voice the fleeting hour records,
And *Gabriel* loud repeats his brother's words ;
While humble *Cliffeites*, ruled by meaner power,
By Tom the *Archbishop* regulate their hour."

M. A. LOWER, epigram on the Lewes Clocks. (The parish church of Cliffe is dedicated to S. Thomas à Becket.)

The Town Hall was formerly the " Star Hotel," and was purchased by the Corporation in 1890.

The building is of red brick and Portland stone in the Renaissance style. It possesses a fine oak staircase, which was brought from Slaugham Place, near Cuckfield, in the eighteenth century, and was placed in the Star Hotel. This staircase is Elizabethan, and is well worth an inspection. The Council Chamber and Mayor's Parlour are of considerable age, and are the only two original rooms of the Star Hotel remaining.

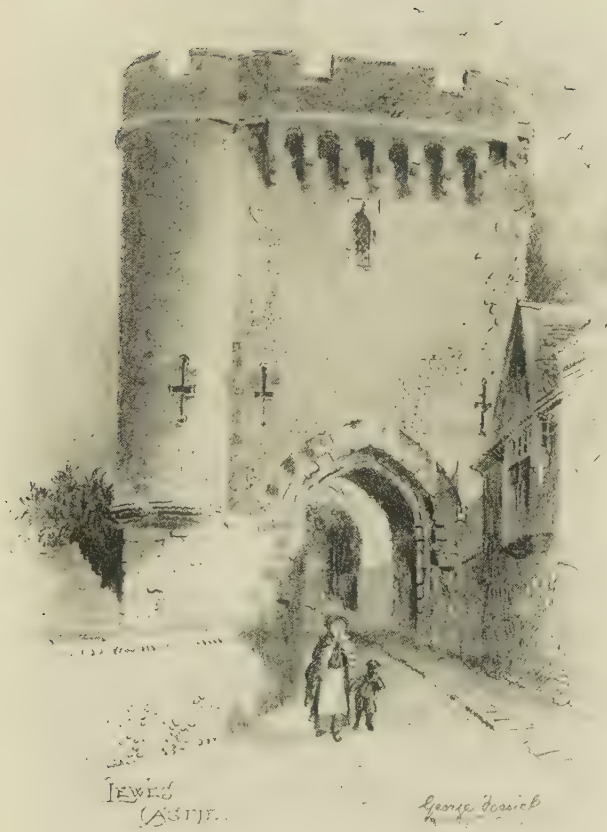
It was at the " sign of the Starre " in 1556 that six Protestants were burnt, and ten more met a similar fate in the following year, during the episcopacy of Bishop Christopherson, of whom Fuller observes that though carrying much of Christ in his surname, he did bear nothing of Him in his nature. Rudyard Kipling only mentions Lewes once in his Sussex stories. In " Friendly Brook " we learn that " Jim Wickenden's woman

. . . come out of Lewes with her stockings round her heels, an' she never made nor mended aught till she died." The following books on matters of local interest can be seen at the Lewes Library :

" Barons' War," by W. H. Blaauw.
" Battaile of Lewes and other Legends," by A. Lee.
" Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect," by Rev. W. D. Parish.
" Discovery of the remains of William de Warrenne," by Dr. G. A. Mantell.
" Fossil Reptiles of the South-east of England," by Dr. G. A. Mantell.
" Fossils of the Southdowns," by Dr. G. A. Mantell.
" History of Lewes," by T. H. Horsfield.
" History of Sussex," by T. H. Horsfield.
" History of Sussex," by M. A. Lower.
" History of Lewes," by Paul Dunvan (W. Lee).
" Lewes Men of Note," by G. Holman.
" Nooks and Corners of Old Sussex," by Rev. P. de Putron.
" Ovingdean Grange," by Harrison Ainsworth.

There are seven churches in the town : All Saints, in Friars' Walk, rebuilt in 1807. The ancient tower still remains. Southover. This church contains a mortuary chapel in which are deposited the remains of William de Warrenne and Gundrada, his wife (daughter of William the Conqueror).

St. Michael's, in the High Street. The front is



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"The Story of Sussex," by W. Victor Cook

[*To face page* 166

built of square flints, and has a Norman round tower. Among the monuments in the church is one to a member of the Pelham family, who resisted a French attack upon Seaford in 1545.

St. Anne's, a Transitional building, has a fine Norman doorway and font. In the churchyard is the tomb of Mark Antony Lower, a Sussex historian. "The pulpit is a rejuvenated specimen of Jacobean wood-carving, by no means an uninteresting piece of work. It was the gift—if not the handiwork also—of a certain Herbert Springett, one of the family of that name which flourished for a space at Broyle Place, Ringmer. An incised inscription tells us,

"HAR . BAR . SPRINGAT . GEN . TEL .- MAN . MADE . THIS . PULPIT . IN . THE . YEARE . OF . OUR . LORD . 1620."

It will be recalled that the builder in Kipling's story, "The Wrong Thing," is called Ralph Springett. He was a man who did not believe in doing things in a hurry, and when he built he built for the ages. No two feet concrete foundations and jerry-built houses for him! If you ask a Sussex man why he ploughs so deeply, or why he goes down five feet for his concrete foundation, he will reply in a phrase which is commonly in use

in Sussex like an adage or motto—"We do it that way for the good of the land." That has a fine sound—a respect for the "fellow-clay" that nourished them, and we can well imagine that this same spirit was shared by the other Springett when he carved and lettered the pulpit for St. Anne's Church in 1620.

St. Thomas-à-Becket, at Cliffe, principally of the Perpendicular period.

St. John-sub-Castro, a modern and not at all ornamental edifice, built about seventy-five years ago in place of a Saxon building. The arch of one doorway has been preserved, also a curious Latin inscription relating to one Magnus, who, according to tradition, was a son of King Harold by his second wife Githa, sister of the Danish King, Sweyn.

South Malling, built about 1628, on the site of a Saxon building.

The coffins of William de Warrenne and his Countess were discovered in October 1845, during the works carried on for the construction of the London and Brighton Railway. A cutting forty feet wide and twelve feet deep was required, and this cutting was made across the site, as it proved, of part of the ancient Priory Church, and the adjoining chapter-house. Here, about two feet

beneath the turf, were discovered the coffins of the Earl and Countess, now preserved at Southover Church.

In Kipling's verses, "The Land," Hobden's father's father, Hob of the Dene, is spoken of as Bailiff to William of Warenne. There is a touch in this poem which must give the reader an exalting sense of continuity—a sense of our oneness with the past. Warenne had not been long installed in his English manor when the "brook got up no bounds," and threatened to swamp the lands. To Hobden he repaired and asked what was to be done about holding back the water, and Hob—the same Hob I aled with in a Burwash inn—smiled quietly to himself. Hob knew. Said he :

"When you can't hold back the water you must try and save the sile."

So William took his advice, and staked the banks of the watercourse with willow trees, and planks of elm and "immortal oaken knees." To-day if you follow the brook between Willingford Bridge and Dudwell Mill, at Burwash, you may still see the faithful fragments of oak set fast in the clay.

From Lewes a good excursion could be made all

round the villages of South Malling, Ringmer and Glynde. It was to South Malling the four knightly murderers of Thomas-à-Becket rode with whip and spur, after their dreadful deed. "On entering the house, they threw off their arms and trappings on the large dining-table which stood in the hall, and after supper gathered round the blazing hearth; suddenly the table started back, and threw its burden on the ground. The attendants, roused by the crash, rushed in with lights and replaced the arms. But soon a second still louder crash was heard, and the various articles were thrown still further off. Soldiers and servants with torches searched in vain under the solid table to find the cause of its convulsions, till one of the conscience-stricken knights suggested that it was indignantly refusing to bear the sacrilegious burden of their arms." So ran the popular story; and as late as the fourteenth century it was still shewn in the same place—the earliest and most memorable instance of a "'rapping,' 'leaping' and 'turning' table"—(Stanley).

Two miles beyond Malling, we arrive at Ringmer, which is linked with the name of White of Selborne, who was accustomed from this point to pursue his delightful labours in the grand

laboratory of nature. Though he had travelled the Sussex Downs for upwards of thirty years, yet he could still investigate " that chain of majestic mountains with fresh admiration year by year." Ringmer lies at the base of Mount Caburn. Here the deep shadowy coombes, and the patches of fragrant thyme, will fill the wayfarer with delight. The green paths that wind across these downs are called " Borstalls "—from Beorh-stegele, hill-paths, according to Kemble.

The church (St. Mary) contains several monuments to the Springett family, including that of " the charitable Springett "—

> " Redresse he did the wrongs of many a wight,
> Fatherlesse and widows by him possesse their right."

Glynde is pleasantly situated below Mount Caburn. There is a large dairy here. Further east are the old-world villages of Ripe and Chalvington, with Chiddingly to the north (with ruins of the old mansion, the original home of the Jefferies, and several ancient farmhouses), each with its ancient church.

But the wayfarer must go to the top of the conical Mount Caburn. Within it are many shallow pits, the site of the hut dwellings of the Flint Men. Here the bee orchis—the " freckled

cowslip " of our Shakespeare—appears in the late spring. Here too we find the circular growth of fungus known as " hag-tracks," and still believed to be the rings of " pharisees " hereabouts. This name for fairies is really an irregular plural, of a type common in Sussex speech :

> " I saw three ghostesses
> Sitting on three postesses."

would sound quite right to Sussex ears.

It was with a very lively imagination that Gilbert White speaks of the " chain of majestic mountains," but here is a description and experience which is interesting :

> " There is a remarkable hill on the Downs near Lewes, in Sussex, known by the name of Mount Caburn (White's spelling gives the Sussex value to the vowel), which overlooks the town, and affords a most engaging prospect of all the country round, besides several views of the sea. On the very summit of this exalted promontory, and amidst the trenches of its Danish (sic) camp, there haunts a species of wild bee, making its nest in the chalky soil. When people approach the place these insects begin to be alarmed, and with a sharp and hostile sound, dart and strike round the heads and faces of intruders. I have often been interrupted myself while contemplating the grandeur of the scenery round me and have thought myself in danger of being stung."

A walk of about eight miles by road from

Lewes brings the reader to Uckfield. The town mainly consists of one long street, lining the high road to Tunbridge Wells. The neighbourhood is rich in attractive landscapes—woodland and meadow, and cornfield and brown ridges of heathy hills—combining in pictorial effects of great interest and beauty. But the Kiplingite will make Buxted the Mecca of this jaunt, which village can be gained by taking a footpath out of the High Street at Uckfield which leads through Buxted Park. The old house at the beginning of the footpath, and near the church,* with a *hog* and 1581 carved over the façade in bas-relief, was the residence of Ralph Hogge. Ralph Hogge brings to mind Rudyard Kipling's story of the Sussex ironworks—" Hal o' the Draft "—for the first cannons cast in England were manufactured at his forge near Buxted. Hogge was assisted by Peter Baude, a Frenchman, and Peter Van Collet, a Flemish gunsmith. Bombs, fawconets, fawsons, nimions and sakers, and other kinds of

*Buxted *old* church is one of the finest in East Sussex. Notice the splendid brass of Rector Avenel on the chancel floor, and the curious muniment chest in the north aisle—this is thirteenth century. Richard Woodman, the martyr, and great ironmaster of Warbleton, is believed to have been a native of Buxted.

ordnance were here produced. The name of Hogge seems to have been confounded with that of Huggett; and there is a place on the confines of Buxted and Mayfield, called Huggett's furnace, where, according to tradition, the first iron ordnance was cast. The traditionary distich that:

> "Master Huggett and his man John,
> They did cast the first can-non."

is firmly believed in the locality. Many persons of the name of Huggett still carry on the trade of blacksmith in East Sussex.

Buxted was one of the "iron-towns" of the Weald, and we are reminded how England put her trust in Sussex iron and Sussex oak in Puck's song:

> "See you the dimpled track that runs,
> All hollow through the wheat?
> O that was where they hauled the guns
> That smote King Philip's fleet."

The noble trees of the Weald were cut down without any consideration to feed the rapacious forges:

> "Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veined elm, the softer beech,
> Short hazel, maple, plane, light asp, the bending wych,
> Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether burn."

But later on the introduction of coal for manufacturing purposes removed the furnaces to the northern counties. The decline of the Sussex iron manufacture dates from the production of iron in the northern coalfields. In 1740 there were fifty-nine furnaces in England, and ten of these were in Sussex ; in 1788, there were seventy-seven, but only two in Sussex ; and in 1796, while England possessed 104, Sussex had but *one!* Many of the great Sussex families owed their prosperity to this now extinct staple. " In the days of Elizabeth, the Ashburnhams, the Pelhams, the Montagues, the Nevilles, the Sidneys, the Sackvilles, the Dacres, the Stanleys, the Finches, the Gages and even the Percys and the Howards, did not disdain such lucre, but pursued it to the destruction of old ancestral oak and beech, and with all the apparent ardour of Birmingham and Wolverhampton men of these times. We may add after these the Culpepers, the Dykes, the Darrels, the Apsleys, the Coverts, the Merleys, the Shirleys, the Burrells, the Greshams, the Bulldens, the Grativekes, and the Fullers. Concerning the last family, which is mentioned by Kipling in ' Gloriana,' there is a tradition that the first of the house in Sussex gained his fortune by hawking nails about the country on the back of

donkeys. This is rather a tale to throw to the gay and gallant marines ; but at the same time it is generally thought that the family drew a great revenue from the forges in the Weald—a fact which is indeed frankly avowed in their singular motto : *' Carbone et forcipibus.' "*

An interesting relic of the iron times was to be seen at Howbourne, in this parish—an old hammer-post on the marge of the once extensive but now drained pond. It was formed of an oak tree, and in excellent preservation. Its height above ground was 9½ feet. It has now been removed.

Eridge Green, about ten miles distant, near a feeder of the Medway, and three miles from Tunbridge Wells, has the only inn in Sussex, " The Gun," which takes its name from the iron trade of days gone by, but the Sussex historian states that the following names, which recall the vanished industry, can be found within ten miles of East Grinstead : Furnace Pond, Forge Pond, Wirewell Pond, Hammer Pond, Casiron, Shovel-strode, Horseshoe Farm, Cinder Hill, Cinder Banks.

Mayfield, about ten miles from Tunbridge Wells, is a delightful old village, particularly rich in old gabled and timbered houses, the best of which is Middle House (dated 1575). The

MAYFIELD
(From a Drawing by Geoffrey Webb)

[*To face page 176*

convent here was anciently a palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, and is associated in legend with the famous tale of St. Dunstan and the Devil. A sign by Mr. Geoffrey Webb for this village was placed second in the recent Village Signs Competition. The name Mayfield is derived from O. E. Mæg, a maid, and means the Maid's Field. Both sides of the sign represent the maid in a field powdered with spring flowers, including the spiked rampion (found only in Mayfield and the adjoining parish and nowhere else in the British Isles) under a bower of twisted white thorn or may. She is crowned and wreathed with flowers by two children. The east face of the sign shows the maid crowning a third child with a daisy-chain ; on the west face she holds a wreath with tablet explaining the name of the place.

The first mortar made in this country of which we have any knowledge was that made at Eridge Green ; it consisted of small bars of wrought-iron, bound together by hoops, and with a polygonal chamber in one solid piece. From 1543 the manufacture of heavy ordnance increased, and an export trade sprang up, until the licence granted by the Lord High Admiral in 1572 was revoked in the autumn of the same year. In spite of this, however, the surreptitious exportation of cannon

continued during the next fifteen years; until in 1587 the Earl of Warwick made an agreement with the gunfounders that a fixed quantity of cannon should be cast annually for the Government, and that the work should be distributed equally among them. They, on their part, undertook that no ordnance should be sold except in London, and to such merchants "as my lord or his deputy should name." This was brought about by the fear of the Spaniards.

Other branches of the iron trade were not neglected; church bells, tombstones and firebacks were made in great abundance. In the museum of the Sussex Archæological Society at Lewes, the collection of Sussex ironwork is worthy of inspection. One seventeenth century fireback to be seen at Lewes represents a Sussex ironfounder and the implements of his trade. In this the ironfounder is seen with his immense hammer, and his faithful hound is jumping up to him. The inscription on it reads: "Richard Leonard, at Brede Fournis, 1636."

Richard Woodman, one of the ten Sussex martyrs burnt at Lewes, was an ironmaster at Warbleton. He says, in one of his examinations before the Bishop of Winchester, "Let me go home, I pray you, to my wife and children, to

see them kept, and other poore folk that I would set a-worke. By the help of God, I have set a-worke a hundred persons ere this, all the year together."

A good tramp from Lewes is out west by Blackcap to Ditchling. The villages of Falmer and Stanmer are also west of Lewes, the latter with its beautiful park, thick with woods that clothe the combes and slopes of the encompassing downland. But more interesting is Ditchling, lying about six miles north-west, on the road between the county town and Hassocks. It has some picturesque old timbered houses, in one of which perchance Anne of Cleves dwelt once upon a time. To the south-east rises Ditchling Beacon, more than 800 feet high, crowned by an ancient hill-fort.

At Ditchling resided one Mr. Thomas Burgess, who, before he emigrated to New York, in 1815 or so, took it into his head to keep a diary, and long afterwards to write letters to his kinsfolk at home. Practice did not improve him as an etymologist, while his orthography was very wild indeed. Mr. Burgess, who was a Particular Baptist and a lay preacher, informs us, under March 14th, 1788, that he " went to Fryersoake to a Bull Bait to see My dog I seld him for 1 guineay upon Condition he was hurt, but as he receivd no Hurt I took

him again at the same price I had all my Expences paid Because I had a dog there was 5 or 6 dogs but mine was Calld the best. We had a good dinner, a round of Beef Boild a good piece roasted a Lag of mutton and Ham of Pork and plum pudden plenty of wine & punch all the after Noon there was a great many people."

Only once he recorded of himself that he "Washed in Ye Sea."

Ditchling has suddenly sprung into fame in the newspaper world! In May, 1920, the first village news-sheet was produced at Ditchling by Mr. Gerard Meynell. The first number, printed on two sides of a single sheet, gives utterance to local grievances—such as that of being "thrown into the ditch by motor charabancs full of trippers"—rebukes the discrepancies of the village clock, publishes the bus time-table, has its poets' corner, gives full reports of the cricket club's performances and offers a tip for the Derby.

The poets of Ditchling have come forward with some rather good things, one of which runs as follows:

"The bricks and tiles are red and brown,
In the roofs and walls of Ditchling Town,
Tangled roofs and cottages neat,
Clustered together where four roads meet—
Ditchling under the Hill.

Overhead the swallows fly
Like shuttles across the loom of the sky,
Along the road the children play,
And the roar of the world is far away—
From Ditchling under the Hill.

You may tramp to the east, you may toil in the west,
But this is the place to take your rest ;
And Ditchling Town is the place for me,
In the lazy land by the southern sea—
Ditchling Town, that's under the Hill."

B. A. T.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his " Highways and By-ways in Sussex," reminds us of the old lady living in this neighbourhood who, before she made her first visit to London, was asked what kind of a place she expected to see, and replied, " Well, I can't exactly tell, but I suppose something like the more bustling part of Ditchling."

On Ditchling Common is a most interesting memento of the days of gibbets. The grim memory of one Jacob Harris, a Jew pedlar, is perpetuated in a stake of wood called Jacob's Post. This scoundrel, after murdering three people at a local inn and robbing their house, was hanged and then gibbeted at this post in 1734.

NEAR WORTHING

Chapter XI

NEAR WORTHING

In "Traffics and Discoveries" is a story concerned with the hamlet of Washington. This story is "They." The village is four miles west of Steyning, just by the road over the Findon Gap to Worthing.

Washington has had more than its share of fame, and serves to call to the reader's mind Hilaire Belloc's vigorous song of the ale of the Washington Inn, and his book on "The Four Men," in which he indulges in his humours on behalf of Sussex against Kent and the rest of the inhabited world. From the following quotation it will be understood that the Washington Inn is the true fount of that great and generous gift of the goddess Ceres—Old Ale.

Myself; "Have you heard of Washington Inn?"

Grizzlebeard: "Why, yes, all the world has heard of it; and when Washington, the Virginian, a general overseas, was worriting his army together a long time ago, men hearing his name would say: 'Washington? . . . Washington? . . . I know that name.' Then

would they remember the inn at Washington, and smile. For fame is of this character. It goes by the sound of names."

The Poet : " For what, then, is the inn of Washington famous ? "

The Sailor : " Not for a song, but for the breeder of songs. You shall soon learn."

And when he had said that we all went in together, and, in the inn of Washington, we put it to the test whether what so many men had sung of that ale were true or no. But hardly had the sailor put his tankard down when he cried out in a loud voice :

" It is true, and I believe ! "

Then he went on further :

" Without any doubt whatsoever, this nectar was brewed in the waxing of the moon and of that barley which Brutus brought hither in the first founding of this land ! And the water wherein that barley-corn was brewed was May-day dew, the dew upon the grass before sunrise of a May-day morning. For it has all the seven qualities of ale, which are :—

Aleph—Clarity.
Beth—Savour.
Gimel—A lively hue.
Daleth—Lightness.
He—Profundity.
Vau—Strength retained.

and lastly, Zayin, which is Perfection and The End."

Our interest in inns and old ale is now becoming

academic. The people who now write in praise of beer are generally cultured folk who spend many hours in libraries dipping into old volumes on the chance of discovering some long-forgotten tippler who has hymned his beer in verse or acknowledged its transcendent qualities in prose. Rarely would such people delight in the jocund scenes pictured in Hogarth's engravings of "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane." Still less would they ever dream of becoming "fuddled." Modern business men are not willing to :

> ". . . look into the pewter pot,
> And see the world, as the world's not."

One recalls Mr. Arthur Beckett's verses in praise of another famous Sussex inn—"The Star" at Alfriston :

> "I've drunk the 'Mermaid's' beer at Rye,
> I've tasted swipes at Firle,
> And once for a lark, at Glynde, near by,
> I kissed the 'Dewdrop's' girl ;
> In a dozen bars I've filled my skin,
> Toasting many a Sussex son,
> But of all the joys of the country inn,
> I've felt most at Alfriston.
>
> I've munched bren-cheese, and tossed off my quart
> In the pub at Pevensey Bay ;

At a sirloin of beef I've done my part
At the end of a rambling day ;
I've shared in the stew of an artizan,
Such cates are all on a par ;
If you ask my ideal of a meal for a man
I say ' Bacon and eggs at the Star ' ! "

The translucent red glory of the Audit or old October Ale is now enjoyed in thought rather than in taste, for that poor creature, the Small Beer of the present day, is a weakly resemblance of the old stuff. In fact, most inns sell only abominable Swipes. Nevertheless, we still sing the good songs in praise of drinking, but our mood is perhaps a trifle more sentimental than ribald. We take a delight in the song of " Tipper," the Newhaven brewer, which is to be found in Mr. Arthur Beckett's Sussex poems :

" Tom Tipper he lived in Newhaven town,
And he made for himself a goodly renown ;
Says he ' Men o' Sussex have never a peer,
I'll show 'em I love 'em by brewing good beer ;
At cider, at perry, at whiskey they'll sneer,
When they drink a pot o' Tipper's strong beer.'

And now old Tom Tipper lies under the sod,
His body is ashes, his soul is with God ;
While Sussex men live his mem'ry won't fail,
They'll think o' Tom Tipper when they drink his good ale.
At cider, at perry, we Sussex men sneer,
So long as we drink old Tom Tipper's beer."

A goodly human and lovable fellow this Tipper, and his epitaph is well worth quoting here :

" Reader, with kind regards this Grave survey.
Nor heedless pass where Tipper's ashes lay :
Honest he was, ingenius, blunt, and kind ;
And dared to do what few dare do, speak his mind.
Philosophy and History well he knew,
Was versed in Physick and in Surgery too,
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold ;
Nor did one knavish act to get to his Gold.
He played through Life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart—
Reader, in real truth such was the man,
Be better, wiser, laugh more if you can."

It is with a pang of regret that we learn he shuffled off this mortal coil at the early age of fifty-four.

What could be more inspiriting than Hilaire Belloc's song of ale with its sixteenth century flavour ?

" If I was what I never can be,
The master or the squire ;
If you gave me the rape from here to the sea,
Which is more than I desire ;
Then all my crops should be barley and hops,
And did my harvest fail,
I'd sell every rod of my acres, I would,
For a belly-full of good ale."

Or A. E. Housman's eulogy of malten brew :

" Oh, many a peer of England brews
Livelier liquor than the muse,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellow whom it hurts to think ;
Look into the pewter pot
To see the world as the world's not."

You ask what all this has to do with Sussex. Well, it has almost everything. For the next time you pass through Washington, you will think of these Bacchic notes, visit the inn, and read Hilaire Belloc's story of Grizzlebeard in " The Four Men," and that will take you to the heart of Sussex.

The excursion to Washington from Worthing will be a delight to all those who, like Richard Jefferies, hold that " there is always hope in the hills," for this is the straight road to the Downs. Gradually the pastoral nature of the scenery changes to what Kipling calls " the blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed downs," which form a unique background to the town, stretching inland for mile after mile, their pure, bracing air, fragrant in summer and autumn with the scent of wild thyme, their springy turf—a pleasure to walk on—broken in great patches by a blaze of golden gorse.

Here, if anywhere, one is in close and silent communion with Nature.

One may take the motor-bus to the top of Washington Bostel from Worthing, and then take the path going east to the top of the Downs and on to Chanctonbury Ring. Near here is a fine dew-pond which we read of in " Weland's Sword " as being made by the Flint Men. Kipling sings :

" We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails."

The carpet-like verdant turf of these hills makes walking a great pleasure, and when one wishes to rest what better couch than the " soft thymy cushions " of the Downs which Kipling tells us will " cure anything but broken necks or hearts " ? Concerning thyme I shall venture to borrow a passage from Mr. Hudson :

" Among the bushes on the lower slopes one stumbles on places of extraordinary fertility, where the thistle, foxglove, ragwort, viper's bugloss, agrimony and wild mignonette grow to a man's breast ; while over them all the mullein lifts its great flowery rod to a height of six to nine feet. From these luxuriant patches you pass to more open ground covered with golden seeding grasses, and heather, fiery, purple-red, and emerald-green spots

powdered white with woodruff, and great beds of purple thyme. One afternoon, tired with a long day's ramble in the burning sun, I cast myself down on one of these fragrant beds and almost fell asleep. That night when I threw off my clothes I noticed that the fragrance still clung to them, and when I woke next morning the air of the room was so charged with it that for a moment I fancied myself still out of doors resting on that purple flowery bed."

Some lines written on the Ring by a soldier in Flanders reproduce in a very vivid manner how true is the saying that of all human affections the love of Earth is the deepest. Such love invades the heart when it is young, lodging itself in the most secret recesses of the memory :

" I can't forget the lane that goes from Steyning to the Ring
In summer time, and on the Down how larks and linnets sing
High in the sun. The wind comes off the sea, and, oh, the air !
I never knew till now that life in old days was so fair,
But now I know it in this filthy rat-infested ditch,
When every shell must kill or spare, and God alone knows which,
And I am made a beast of prey, and this trench is my lair—
My God ! I never knew till now that those days were so fair.
And we assault in half-an-hour, and—it's a silly thing,
I can't forget the lane that goes from Steyning to the Ring."

Cissbury Ring can be easily ascended from the village of Findon, which lies in a valley four miles north of Worthing. Take the track opposite the Gun Inn, mounting steadily until the grand oval of the Ring is seen above on the right. Here we find a single fosse, from eight to twelve feet in depth, and a broad and lofty vallum enclose an oval camp, about sixty acres in extent. Roman coins and pottery have been discovered here, and traces of the foundation of a prætorium ; so that it is probable the Roman legionaries kept watch and ward upon this solitary height long before Ælla and his sea rovers hunted the Britons out of their woodland villages.

Here we may visualise the life of the men of the Stone Age in the magic mirror of one of Rudyard Kipling's best stories, " The Knife and the Naked Chalk," for it was from some such point as this that Tyr went down to bring back from the Weald the knife which gave his people the greater protection against the wolf. Here, too, Dan and Una make the acquaintance of Mr. Dudeney, an old shepherd, who perhaps was a descendant from a long line of shepherds bearing that name who are not without their records in this district. Particulars of the Southdown shepherds will be found in " Glimpses of our Sussex Ancestors,"

by Charles Fleet (1882)—a book which may be found at the Worthing Library. It is curious that one member of this family of shepherds became a schoolmaster at Lewes after living as a shepherd to his twenty-third year. He took it into his head to keep a diary, and this is perhaps one of the best chronicles of the life of a shepherd we have at this date. His name was John Dudeney, and he was a native of Rottingdean. He was born in 1782. Space forbids quotation from his diary, and I must refer the reader to Fleet's book on the subject.

Nobody has written with more insight about the Sussex Downs than Mr. W. H. Hudson, and I take this beautiful passage from his essay, " The Living Garment of the Downs " :

" Here one may see the corn reaped with sickles in the ancient way ; and, better still, the wheat carried from the field in wains drawn by two or three couples of great, long-horned, black oxen. One wonders which of the three following common sights of the Sussex Downs carries us further back in time ; the cluster of cottages, with church and farm buildings that form the village nestling in the valley, and seen from above appearing as a mere red spot in the prospect ; the grey-clad shepherd, crook in hand, standing motionless on some vast green slope, his grey, rough-haired sheep-dog resting at his feet ; or the team of coal-black, long-horned oxen drawing the plough or carrying the corn.

"The little rustic village in the deep dene, with its two or three hundred inhabitants, will probably outlast London, or at all events London's greatness; and the stolid shepherd with his dog at his feet will doubtless stand watching his flock on the hillside for some thousands of years to come; but these great, slow, patient oxen cannot go on dragging the plough much longer; the wonder is that they have continued to the present time. One gazes lovingly at them, and on leaving them casts many a longing, lingering look behind, fearing that after a little while their place will know them no more."

But let us return to Washington. It was on Chancton Farm, close at hand, a remarkable find of Saxon coins was made in 1866. For some time Saxon pennies were cheap at Washington, and a number sufficient to fill a half-pint pewter pot are said to have changed hands for a quart of Sussex ale. As I have mentioned before, the ale at the Washington Inn—which by the way is the Franklin Arms, I presume—is according to Mr. Hilaire Belloc the world's best brew, so we must suppose that the rustic received good value for the pennies. It appears that for centuries a tradition had existed that "treasure" was secreted at Chancton Farm and the ghost of an old white-bearded man was said to guard it. Blackmore says in "Alice Lorraine":

"A well-known landmark now, and the scene of many

a merry picnic, Chanctonbury Ring was then a lonely spot, imbued with terror of a wandering ghost—an ancient ghost with a long white beard, walking even in the afternoon, with its head bowed down, in search of something—a vain search of centuries. This long-sought treasure has now been found ; not by the ghost, however, but by a lucky stroke of the plough-share ; and the spectral owner roves no more. He is supposed with all the assumption required to make a certainty, to have been a tenant of Chancton Manor under Earl Gurth, the brother of Harold, and, being slain at Hastings, to have forgotten where his treasure lay."

The motor-bus from Worthing turns off on the London Road past Washington for Storrington, another secluded South Down village. In the church here is an inlaid slab commemorative of Henricus Wilshe, a priest, 1591.

That strange figure, Francis Thompson, was placed under the care of the monks at Storrington Priory. Here he renounced opium for some time and his brain cleared. One might almost say that Storrington was his spiritual birthplace, for his genius, welling up in an unbroken stream, passed into " The Ode of the Setting Sun," with its picture of the old monastery, " The Song of Hours," and the wonderful essay on Shelley, which was thrown back on his hands by the *Dublin Review*, and which was published in that journal after his death. In " Daisy " Storrington

comes into a poem of Wordsworthian simplicity and poignancy :

" O, there were flowers in Storrington,
On the turf and on the spray ;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex Hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day !

* * * * *

She went her unremembering way,
She went and left in me
The pang of all the partings gone,
And partings yet to be."

Thompson left Storrington in February, 1890, and in the next year he wrote his masterpiece, " The Hound of Heaven," which might well stand for an echo of the spiritual fret and uneasiness of the last twenty-five years. In this poem Thompson also epitomised his own life. Whilst some men were toiling and piling up earthly treasures of one kind or another, he cared nothing for such things, and it was evident that it was his wish to remain poor. But could any better symbol of the undercurrent of the bewildered modern mind be desired than the opening stanza :

" I fled Him down the nights and down the days ;
I fled Him down the arches of the years ;
I fled Him down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind ; and in the midst of tears

I hid from Him and under running laughter
Up vistaed hopes, I sped ;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after."

There we see in one flash the sorrow of man—the dreamer, drifting willy-nilly in search of that peace which is not of this world. In 1897 Thompson became a regular contributor to the *Academy*, which gave him as many books of theology, history, biography and poetry as he cared to review. The staff used to exclaim aloud when they read his proofs (on his splendid handling of a subject demanding the best literary knowledge and insight). He was " gentle in looks, half-wild in externals, his face worn by pain and the fierce reactions of laudanum, his hair and straggling beard neglected, he had yet a distinction and an aloofness of bearing that marked him in the crowd ; and when he opened his lips he spoke as a gentleman and a scholar." His coming brought new life into the office. His friend says : " Unembittered, he kept his sweetness and sanity, his dewy laughter, and his fluttering gratitude. . . . I think the secret of his strength was this : that he had cast up his accounts with God and man,

and thereafter stood in the mud of earth with a heart wrapped in such fire as touched Isaiah's lips."

In 1907 he fell ill, and though he rallied more than once, he grew steadily worse. Mr. Meynell persuaded him to go to the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, where he died. He was buried at St. Mary's Cemetery, Kensal Green, with roses from George Meredith's garden in his coffin bearing the tribute, " A true poet, one of the small band."

His death was accelerated by laudanum, but was directly due to tuberculosis. This noble mind, which soared as Shelley's soared, which was not capable of anything mean or common, has written his own epitaph in the lines to Cardinal Manning :

" One stricken from his birth
With curse
Of destinate verse . . .
He lives detached days ;
He serveth not for praise ;
For gold
He is not sold ;
Deaf is he to world's tongue ;
He scorneth for his song
The loud
Shouts of the crowd."

THE SUSSEX DOWNS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS

Chapter XII

THE SUSSEX DOWNS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS

My task in this chapter is to speak of the natural features of the Downs for which Sussex is famous. The range of the Downs commences at Petersfield in Hampshire, and extends to Beachy Head. Their length is between fifty and sixty miles, their greatest breadth seven miles, and their mean elevation about 500 feet, rising in places to more than 800 feet. Their northern escarpment is in general steep and abrupt, but on the south they usually descend by a gentle declivity, and unite almost imperceptibly with the lowlands of the coast.

From Beachy Head to Brighton they present an immediate barrier to the sea, forming a bold and precipitous line to the coast, but at Brighton they take an inland direction, and occupy the centre of West Sussex. From this circumstance a considerable difference exists in the geological relations of the Eastern and Western divisions of the County of Sussex.

The chalk hills of Sussex are separated into five

distinct masses, by the rivers Arun, Adur, Ouse and Cuckmere.

Both prose writers and poets have hymned their praises of the great chalk hills of Sussex. Swinburne has put the smooth-swelling downs in a beautiful picture in his "On the South Coast." This poem embraces Shoreham and Lancing. In his verses on Sussex Rudyard Kipling has given us something of the passion of a personal confession. Is not man's deepest love given to the earth? Hardly a song of love or regret is without this acknowledgment. Are we not all haunted by certain landscapes which come back unbidden, not as common topographical facts, but as vestures of the soul? To Kipling the Downs are a region untrod by man save by the favour of the Gods. The very soil is full of magic:

> "Deeper than our speech and thought;
> Beyond our reason's sway,
> Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
> Yearns to its fellow-clay."

Then we come to Meredith. In "Beauchamp's Career" Mr. Romfrey, from his window at Steynham, saw Cecilia Halkett and Nevil Beauchamp ride off in the early dawn, when they made their strange visit to Bevisham:

"To relieve an uncertainty in Cecilia's face that might

soon have become confusion, he described the downs fronting the paleness of early dawn, and then their arch and curve and dip against the pearly grey of the half glow; and then among their hollows, lo, the illumination of the East all around, and up and away, and a gallop for miles along the turfy, thymy rolling billows, land to left, sea to right, below you."

The study of nature and humanity in the Downs has inspired much of the work of Mr. W. H. Hudson. The "fairy flora and the fairy fauna" of the chalk hills have never been so truly painted before. Listen to this excellently descriptive study of the carousing humble-bees:

"Walking about on the downs in the fading light you will find the belated reveller half buried in the purple disc, clasping it affectionately to his bosom; and, however stupefied with nectar he may seem, you will observe that he still continues to thrust at the smaller tubular florets with his proboscis, although probably with a very uncertain aim. If you compassionately touch him with a finger-tip to remind him of the lateness of the hour, he will lurch over to one side and put out one or two of his anterior legs or arms to make a gesture waving you off. And if your ears were tuned to catch the small inaudible sounds of nature, you would doubtless hear him exclaiming with indistinct utterance, 'Go 'way; for goo'ness sake don't 'sturb me; lemme be—I'm a'right.'"

"It is noticeable that even in his cups he never wholly loses the characteristic dignity of manner coupled with gentleness we so greatly admire in him. There may be in

his order creatures equally intelligent; but morally, or at all events in manner, he is decidedly their superior. So peaceable and mild in disposition is he, so regardful of the rights of others, even of the meanest, that he will actually give place to a fly coming to feed at the same flower. It is on this account that, alone among insects, the humble-bee is universally regarded with esteem and affection. In his virtues, and in all that is best in him, he is very human. It is therefore not strange, during a late walk, when we bid good-night and good-bye to the darkening downs, that it grieves us a little to find so estimable an insect in such a plight."

Richard Jefferies in that perfect prose poem, "The Story of My Heart," tells of how the hills of Sussex held him, and pressed him and spoke to him. It was at Pevensey that he felt that strange emotion that impelled him to recapture and write down thoughts which had haunted him for many years. Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," was written at Worthing, and one of the principal characters is named after the town. Mr. W. H. Hudson's "Nature in Downland" will appeal to nature lovers, and the illuminating and suggestive story of "The Knife and the Naked Chalk" in Kipling's "Rewards and Fairies" deals with the "bare windy chalk downs." "Bygone Sussex," by E. A. Axon (published by William Andrews, 1897), deserves a wider publicity. "A History of Brickwall in

Sussex," by A. L. Frewen ; " Picturesque Sussex," by Claude Jerrold (Valentine & Sons, Dundee) ; " The Beauties and Antiquities of Sussex," by Rouse, 1825 ; " Glimpses of Our Sussex Ancestors," by Charles Fleet (1882), and Arthur Beckett's two delightful books on Sussex are all on the shelves of the Worthing Public Library, where a large collection of books which deal particularly with Sussex can be seen.

Salvington, less than three miles from Worthing, was the birthplace of John Selden (1584-1654), " the great dictator of learning to the English nation," and the intimate friend of Pym and Hampden. A black marble slab to his memory may be seen in the choir of the Temple Church, London. Selden's Cottage, with thatched roof, is very much visited by sightseers. Some of Selden's sayings are on our lips every day, the following for instance :

" Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes, they were easiest for his feet."

Blackmore's " Alice Lorraine " (sub-titled " A Tale of the South Downs ") deals with Chanctonbury Ring, and Louis Jennings' " Rambles Among the Hills " is without rival in its own particular line.

The neighbourhood of Worthing inspired several of W. E. Henley's lyrics: "Hawthorn and Lavender," is dated "Worthing, 1901," and his weird poem on the old boat at Shoreham has a peculiar value:

"In Shoreham river, hurrying down
To the live sea,
By working, marrying, breeding Shoreham town,
Breaking the sunset's wistful and solemn dream,
An old, black rotter of a boat
Past service. Labouring, tumbling flote,
Lay stranded in mid-stream.
With a horrid list, a frightening lapse from the line,
That made me think of legs and a broken spine;
Soon, all too soon,
Ungainly and forlorn to lie
Full in the eye
Of the cynical, discomfortable moon,
That as I looked, stared from the fading sky,
A clown's face floured for work. And by and by
The wide-winged sunset waned and waned;
The lean night wind crept westward, chilling and sighing;
The poor old hulk remained,
Stuck helpless in mid-ebb. And I knew why—
Why, as I looked the good green earth seemed dying—
Dying or dead:
And, as I looked on the old boat, I said:
'Dear God, it's I!'"

In "Ovingdean Grange," Harrison Ainsworth

has written on the subject of the "good people" of the Downs :

"Mark yon little T-shaped cuttings on the slope below us ? Those are the snares set by the shepherds for the delicious wheat-ear, our English ortolan. The fairies still haunt this spot, and hold their midnight revels upon it, as yon dark rings testify. The common folk hereabouts term the good people 'Pharisees' and style these emerald circles 'hagtracks.' Why, we care not to enquire. Enough for us the fairies are not altogether gone. A smooth soft carpet here is spread out for Oberon and Titania and their attendant elves, to dance upon by moonlight ; and there is no lack of mushrooms to form tables for Puck's banquet."

Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," refers to the sheep of the Downs :

"To the west of the Adur River all such animals have horns, smooth white faces, and white legs, but east of that river all flocks were poll sheep, or hornless, moreover, they had black faces with a white tuft of wool on their foreheads, speckled and spotted legs, so that you might almost think that the flocks of Laban were pasturing on one side of the stream and the variegated breed of his son-in-law Jacob on the other."

And then there are the flowers ; mostly on the Downs they are small. We find the creeping yellow rock-rose ; clovers, red and white ; wild thyme and birds-foot, trefoil—the last two are

always on the chalk hills—and little specks of red which are called musky stork's bill. Mr. Hudson points out that many of the flowers which grow in other parts of England in rich soil scarcely look like the same species growing in the close herbage of the Downs. Here they change their habits :

> " The luxury of long stems, the delight of waving in the wind, and the ambition to overtop their neighbours, would here be fatal. Their safety lies in nestling down amid the lowly grass, keeping so close to the earth as to be able to blossom and ripen their seed in spite of the ever nibbling sheep—the living lawn mowers perpetually mowing over them."

The faint purple round leafed mint ; rest-harrow and woodruffe are to be found everywhere.

Once on the Downs we escape from the intensity of life, and the " tinkling silence," as Rudyard Kipling calls it, lulls us into a gentle coma of satisfaction. The immense slumbrous sunshine enters the blood and ennobles the brain. We return like prodigals to the earth that bore us. There is silence and repose here, and deep in the very chalk beneath the feet we have that " thickish mutter " which Kipling mentions in the " Knife and the Naked Chalk." It is good to lay out on the naked chalk, for in our zeal to do many things we may forget sometimes the importance of doing

nothing. And as Mr. Dudeney, the South Down shepherd said, " the closer you lie to the turf the more you're apt to see things." Besides the mind sometimes is better for being spread and bleached. It wants the simplest experience and simplest delights. Hear Richard Jefferies :

" There, alone, I went down to the sea. I stood where the foam came to my feet, and looked out over the sunlit waters. The great earth bearing the richness of the harvest, and its hills golden with corn, was at my back ; its strength and firmness under me. The great sun shone above, the wide sea was before me, the wind came sweet and strong from the waves . . . I rubbed out some of the wheat in my hands, I took up a piece of clod and crumbled it in my fingers—it was a joy to touch it—I held my hand so that I could see the sunlight gleam on the slightly soft surface of the skin. The earth and sun were like my flesh and blood, and the air of the sea life."

The literary pilgrim will not fail to seek the grave of Jefferies at Broadwater. He died at Goring, hard by, in 1887. " If I had my own way after death," wrote Jefferies in " The Story of my Heart," " I would be burned on a pyre of pine-wood, open to the air, and placed on the summit of the hills. Then let my ashes be scattered abroad—not collected in an urn—freely sown wide and broadcast."

Some parts of the Downs are arable, but in general they are reserved for pasturage, and support a breed of sheep superior to any in the kingdom. As there are no natural springs on the chalk hills, the flocks are supplied with water from large but shallow circular ponds, the bottoms of which are covered with a layer of ochraceous clay, to prevent the water percolating through the chalk ; they are seldom known to fail, even in the hottest summers. White in his " Natural History of Selborne," has described these ponds in very graphic language. A book with a formidable title but most interesting subject matter is Messrs. A. J. & G. Hubbard's " Neolithic Dew-ponds and Cattleways." Every one who has ascended, or hopes to ascend, Cissbury and Chanctonbury Rings should make a point of reading this informing volume.

Sheep are the dominating animal of the Downs. The ancient imprints of the flocks is deeply stamped on every hill, and the tangled sheep tracks give a character to the landscape which is quite unique. The sheep in passing along the steepest concave hillsides have moulded the chalk into innumerable parallel lines. These terraced sheep paths give the appearance of tiers of seats in some great amphitheatre. Since the days when the

" Grey Shepherd," as Kipling calls the wolf, leapt into the sheep folds of the Flint men, these trampled paths have been slowly forming. Sheep have always followed in each other's footsteps and have grazed neither up nor down the steep slopes, but straight ahead on one level. Thus the narrow terraces. The rhythm of the Downs is inevitable. Swinburne has put them in a breathless line :

> " Downs that swerve and aspire in curve and change of heights that the dawn holds dear."

Even the sheep have added to the great rhythm of the Downs. In their quiet unquestioning submission they have trodden out a colossal rhythm of their own, and stamped the bare slopes with vast mysterious striation that must lift the wayfarer who beholds them up from the carking cares of work-a-day life. Words seem useless to express the peace of these uplifted spaces. They sink into the mind, plough up the soul, and sow their seeds, which like the wizard's plant of the East, spring up at once and blossom into worship, reverence, awe.

E. Hallam Moorhouse, in the Ditchling " Beacon," writes of the Downs with such sureness and sympathy that I cannot refrain from giving

some eloquent lines on the Flint men from the poem :

" From the wattle folds on the hill slope
Come the wavering maternal notes of the sheep,
Anxious and troubled over the ways of their new-dropped lambs.
Beyond all are the hills bare and strange in the evening light,
Furrowed with ridges dug by the Flint Men :
Hills that have altered little since the Flint Men
Made their great ditches and drank from their dew-ponds.
A plough left in its furrow catches a gleam from the sky
And speaks of man's toil for bread to the lonely slopes above
Where the blasted Witch tree shows against the sky line
His fear of the lurking evil that dried his cows and spoilt his butter—
A fear that in vaster forms haunted Stonehenge,
And is not utterly gone from the comfortable farm-house fireside.

So do the Flint Men touch with the villagers they knew not,
And the Past loom over the Present.
So do the human lives gathered in the hollow of the village
Shelter from unknown things under its clustered roofs—
Roofs and walls, which humble as they are, have outlasted generations,
Have seen birth and death, joy and grief, and older wars."

Having spoken of the sheep and the shepherd, I must refer the reader to Kipling's " Knife and the Naked Chalk," for the third member of the triumvirate, the Dog. Mr. Dudeney's dog, Old Jim, can be seen every day on the Downs. If one inquires the breed of the dog of a South Down man one gets the answer, " Just a ship-dog, surelye." But this description is far too indiscriminate; it is often applied to the malapert animal which yelps noisily in the streets, chases cats, and goes mad at the sound of a motor car. Far different is the " ship-dog." He is always ready for real work, and whether employed in driving on the roads, or herding on the Downs, his grave and earnest aspect evinces his full consciousness that he is playing an important part in the day's toil. When on duty he will evade any overtures of friendliness by a stranger, not in a snarling and surly manner, but with a certain calm indifference. At an early date he becomes as sedate as a Quaker, and learns the rules of the game. Should his master be absent for a time he will " carry on " and nurse the flock, never over-pacing them or suffering any to stray away; and in the hustle of the market town or fair a good sheep dog never allows such distractions as a brass band or musical horses to lure him from his duties. When

the sheep dog rounds up a captive and jumps with much show of fierceness at its neck the stranger is led to think that the poor animal is terrified and in danger. Nothing of the sort. Old Jim's manner is much sharper than his teeth, and I have often seen younger members of the flock stamping with their feet, and otherwise inviting him to a contest. Our Southdown animal friend is a fellow of great virtue and intelligence, and as the South Country shepherd remarks, " he's as cute as a Christian."

I have said but little about the dew-ponds, or to give them an alternative and better name, mist-ponds. We are told that these never fail, in the dry summer months, though as many as five hundred sheep drink from one pond each day. It is curious to note that sheep, if left to choose for themselves, prefer pond water to that of cold springs and running streams. In Sussex there are men who style themselves pond-makers, and it has been asserted that a travelling band of them exists. But this is rather doubtful, for the simple reason that mist-ponds (called in the local shibboleth ship-ponds) are quite easy to construct. There is little mystery about them. Any Sussex son of the soil, such as Hobden in Kipling's verses " The Land " (" A Diversity of Creatures ") can construct one. It is a matter of scooping out the

earth to the depth of a few feet, leaving generally a hollow of chalky rubble. Then the floor is puddled with clay, and left to dry. Sometimes a few flints are placed on the clay and stamped in. These ponds should be made in the spring when the weather is mild, as frost will crack and ruin them. The upheaval made by worms is fatal to them, too. Animals should not be allowed to tread in a freshly constructed pond; the clay being soft is easily perforated. If the floor is left to dry and not touched, water will come, rain or dry. I notice that many of them are now constructed with plain cement, and others are made by working a layer of chalk and hot lime on a well beaten-in chalk foundation. That fog and rain are the prime agents in the filling of sheep ponds is certain. Mr. Walter Johnson in his essay on "Ancient Ponds," puts forward the following theories:

"When we come to ask why such a large amount of moisture should be concentrated on the small area of the mist pond there is a hot dispute. Some writers airily dismiss the problem as very simple, though their own explanations are by no means of that nature. Others assume the action of electricity, others again invoke the aid of the dust particles floating in the atmosphere. The question has been discussed at a meeting of the British Association, though even there unanimity was

absent. Amid the babel of voices a general principle or two may be heard which may give the clue. The upper surface of the water in the pond is cooled by radiation, and convection currents are thus set up. In other words, the colder layers of the surface descend, and the warmer water from below rises to the top. This goes on until the contents of the pond are colder than the surrounding rocks and soil, when condensation of the aqueous vapour, whencesoever arising, goes on at a rapid rate."

In some dew-ponds it will be observed that a tree or bush is planted on the south-west side. This helps the supply, for the drippings from the leaves fall to the pond.

Straw forms part of the ground work of other ponds. It is placed between layers of mixed lime and clay and broken chalk ; or between layers of cement. Straw is used to act as a non-conducting agent, for it isolates the clay from the heat generated by the earth. The greatest care must be used to brick up the margins of straw dew-ponds, for the water must not get at the straw. That is ruinous, for wet straw ceases to draw the mist.

The Sussex rustic is a slow person, though there is no reason to suppose that he is slower than any other rustic ; indeed, one is inclined to think that the proverbial slowness of all rustics covers a

deep, if only half-realised, philosophy. However, that may be. But no one has drawn a better picture of him than Rudyard Kipling and Hobden. One of his rustic characters is a wonderful portrait. I have met many farm-hands of this stamp. I have mentioned elsewhere that the true crest of the Sussex Men is the " Squatting pig," with the motto, " I wunt be druv," and this would certainly be in accordance with the methods of Hobden. Kipling's character veils his independent and stubborn spirit under a show of submission and humility, putting his hand to his hat at every few words and saying, " Just as you do please, sir," but giving so many and so incontrovertible reasons why it should not be so, that all give in to him and he remains absolute. Just such a man as Hobden is old Colepepper, and he is no phantom. I made a call upon him a few weeks ago. He was trimming a hedge with those great hedging-gloves on his hands. Every time I look at those gloves, so dear to the heart of this Sussex son of the soil, I am reminded of some mediæval fighting-man's gauntlets, and Colepepper, with his smock-frock and rude gloves, has little changed, perhaps, since mediæval days,

Colepepper is " hedger and ditcher " in a certain corner of Sussex where one still hears so many

echoes of a vanished world and of other centuries, and his years and humour have raised him to the position of an absolute autocrat in his own department. He has many stories of bygone days, and it is a pleasure to hear the antiquated words and phrases he employs in the telling of them. Many a word which when found in Shakespeare is rudely classed by annotators as "obsolete" are common in the cottage homes of Sussex.

My friend does not appear to be cutting and laying the hedge in the usual way, but, with a long-handled hack-hook, he chops off the loose and untidy branches. This, he tells me, is called *pleaching*, an operation evidently well known to Shakespeare, and we recall such lines as :

> "Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
> Unpruned dies ; her hedges even *pleached*,
> Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
> Put forth disordered twigs."
>
> (HENRY V., Act V., sc. 2.)

"I reckon you are giving work a miss this grand morning and having a *miche* round," is one of his first observations. This recalls a well-known passage of Shakespeare when Prince Hal turning to Falstaff asks, "Shall the blessed sun of

heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries ? " Mouching, a form of the same word, is used for playing truant from school ; while blackberries, known too often to the schoolmaster as the incentive to mouching, are mouchers too.

One of Colepepper's stories is of two Sussex broom-squires who, meeting at Heffle Cuckoo Fair, exchanged confidences over a tankard or so of ale :

" Bob, I'm honest-innocent of how you can sell your brooms so cheap like. I steals the ling, I steals the butts, and I steals the binders ; but I can't sell 'em as cheap as you. What's your say ? "

" Surely," said the other broom-squire with pride, " you see I steals 'em ready-made."

And here is another anecdote. Old Colepepper offered to provide a tramp with ale and dinner if he would in return help him to dig up a plot of land. " The tramp had seen better days, you mind," said he, to give a point to the story, " but when I did ask 'im, he said right sharp, 'Dig ? God A'mighty ought to have invented something between a tramp and a horse to do digging ! ' "

I doubt if the village of Felpham will have any literary associations for the reader, yet William Hayley spent his later years here. He was a

literary lion in his day, but he outlived his popularity, and it must be said to his credit that he preserved a sunny disposition, neither crabbed nor disheartened over his fall from popularity. He lived at Turret House near the church from 1800 till his death in 1820. I dare say it will only excite a smile of disdain in readers of literary taste when I confess that Hayley's memory is dear to me. Last time I was at Felpham I watched the swallows returning to the turret of Hayley's old house at day's decline with all their marvellous hubbub and ærial evolutions, and I thought of the last pensive lines he wrote :

> " Ye gentle birds that perch aloof,
> And smooth your pinions on my roof,
> Preparing for departure hence
> Ere winter's angry threats commence ;
> Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
> For longer flights beyond the tomb.
>
> May God, by whom is seen and heard
> Departing man and wandering bird,
> In mercy mark us for His own,
> And guide us to the land unknown."

At Felpham, also, is a cottage that was the abode in 1800 of another of the " accursed race of poets," William Blake, who was also a visionary and artist. One of the most amazing revelations

of Blake's visionary powers consisted in the heads or spiritual portraits which he drew at Varley's house. Varley, who was one of the founders of the new school of water-colour drawing, was also an astrologer, who gained popular applause by making astonishing predictions. It was Varley who encouraged Blake to make his remarkable black and white spirit drawings. Varley would ask for a drawing of David, or Moses, or Julius Cæsar, and Blake would take up his pencil, if the mood were on him, and begin to draw, looking up now and then as though to scrutinise an actual sitter. Whether these spiritual portraits were the outcome of an unbalanced mind or not, some of them were historically exact, and it is certain that Blake was no mountebank.

The ghost of a flea, drawn in this way, has often made the profane laugh, and there may be room for laughter ; but, after all, more doubtful forms of supernormal phenomena are accepted gladly enough at the present time. However, we are inclined to view Blake from Max Nordau's standpoint, that all men of genius are mad, and at the same time agree with Oscar Wilde's parry that all sane people are idiots.

THE SEAL'S ISLAND

Chapter XIII

THE SEAL'S ISLAND

Selsey (the Seal's Island) is the name of the peninsula directly south of Chichester, and stretching to Selsey Bill, the most southerly point in the county. The peninsula forms the hundred of Manhood (Mainwood) which name brings to mind Kipling's poem, "Eddi's Service." Among all the poets of the last few years it would be difficult to find verses so utterly naked of any decoration, and yet so pleasing. The poem tells how a Saxon priest, Eddi, held a Christmas midnight service in his chapel, but as the night was tempestuous and the flock was occupied with the Yule-tide festivities, not a soul entered the church at Manhood End. Eddi lit the altar candles and proceeded with his "Father's business," singing the Mass, and preaching the good word to a congregation consisting of a marsh donkey, and a yoke-weary bullock, who wandered in, attracted by the light at the open door. When the Saxon people made game of the holy man for his softness

and sensitiveness, he replied that "I dare not close His chapel on such as care to attend." Kipling's writings, like his character, are a mixture of the grotesque and the sublime. The historical interest of Selsey is great. Here Wilfred, as first Bishop, founded his monastery and cathedral, and for nearly four centuries there were bishops of Selsey, until, after the Norman Conquest, the See was transferred to Chichester. Both the buildings now lie beneath the sea, which is still perpetually encroaching on the land. Thus an extensive deer park in Henry VIII.'s time is now a line of anchorage still called "The Park." The old church stands about two miles inland. In 1865 it was pulled down, all except the chancel, which remains in a lonely graveyard. The church was built, it is supposed, by Bishop Rede of Chichester, about 1369-1385. Here are several gravestones of Sussex marble, inscribed with a cross, memorials probably of the old Saxon priests, removed from the ruins of the ancient cathedral. Effigies of a man and woman, with figures of St. George and St. Agatha, their patron saints, commemorate *John Lews,* and *Agatha,* his wife (d. 1537). A gravestone in the churchyard to the memory of two young men drowned while rendering assistance to a wrecked vessel, bears an epitaph

by Hayley. Readers should not forget Kipling's story, "The Conversion of St. Wilfrid," in which the author humorously describes how Puck wickedly persuaded Wilfrid to narrate the story of his fight with the Saxons on the Sussex coast—a story which the man of peace had endeavoured to put behind him. But when the fire of his youth revived for a few moments a sudden thick burr came into the old man's voice: "I was bringing over a few things for my old church at York, and some of the natives laid hands on them, and—and I'm afraid I lost my temper . . . Eh, but I must ha' been a silly lad." In such human touches these stories abound, and they make no little of Kipling's charm.

"The Conversion of St. Wilfrid" is a sketch of a well-known phase in the life of the Archbishop Wilfrid. In the seventh century the kingdom of the South Saxons was to a great extent cut off from neighbouring English kingdoms by the tract of marshy land to the east and west, and even to the north, by the forest of the Weald. The sloping beaches of the coast also attracted sea adventurers, who harassed and plundered their people, so it was natural that Paganism should have been retained longer in Sussex than in other kingdoms. These people, in whose veins flowed the restless

blood of the Vikings, looked upon any unlucky ship driven ashore on their coast as theirs by right, and when Wilfrid's ship was driven ashore while he was sailing home from France, the South Saxons swooped down to loot any gear that might be cast up by the sea. One of the Saxons skilled in magic began to practise his black art on Wilfrid and his ship with a view to hasten their destruction, but a well-flung stone from one of the Archbishop's crew killed him. Maddened by the sight of their leader's death they plunged into the surf and engaged Wilfrid's men, who gradually retreated to the ship. The tide rising before its accustomed time floated the ship and thus enabled Wilfrid and his retainers to make off. It was twenty years later that Wilfrid returned to the South Saxons as a missionary during a period of famine. Rain had not fallen for three years, but Wilfrid taught the people to fish with an angle-hook and thus relieve much distress. In return for this many of the people offered to keep faith with the Christian God. During the day on which the Saxons were baptized into the Church the rain fell in a deluge, and the great famine came to an end. It is said that St. Wilfrid founded a monastery at Selsey, on a part of the land now claimed by the sea. Kipling tells us how Wilfrid

made friends with a pagan chief, Meon, in these parts, and introduces Eddius, the Kentish choir-master (and later, biographer) of Wilfrid, and also an old seal of high intelligence. Eddi abhorred Padda (the seal), but was converted to a great respect for it, after the animal had rescued Meon, Wilfrid and himself from the sea. Wilfrid tells quaintly in one part of the story how Eddi made a little cross in holy water on the wet muzzle of the seal, and was rewarded by the caresses of the faithful Padda—another little human touch that endears the old Kentish chaplain to us all.

Wilfrid taught Meon much, and in turn the Archbishop learnt from the pagan chief to face the world in a broad-shouldered, warm, and deep-hearted way.

SONG O' THE SUSSEX MEN

SONG O' THE SUSSEX MEN

By Arthur Beckett

(dedicated to " the men of sussex society.")

For the benefit of those unfortunate folk who are not natives of Sussex it is perhaps necessary to give some explanation of the references in the following song. Thus, the first three stanzas refer to legends connected with three Sussex saints. Dudeney (pronounced " Dude-ney ") was a self-taught Downland shepherd who ultimately became a schoolmaster in the county town. Thomas Paine, the famous freethinker and champion of the " rights of man," lived in Lewes, suffered contumely, and died abroad. Tipper was the inventor of the noted beer bearing his name ; Shelley and Cobden were two of Sussex's greatest sons—the former one of the greatest poets of this country, and the latter the repealer of the Corn Laws.

As for dialectal words in the song, it may be explained that " furriner " is a term applied to all persons who come from any county but Sussex. " Chouse " is one cant term for another, i.e., " silly fool." " Sartin " equals " certain " ; " ship " is " sheep " ; " the hill " is " the downs " ; " e'en-a'most " is Sussex for " almost " used in some connections ; " dunnamany " stands for " I don't

know how many" ; and "bruff" for blunt of speech. Remaining Sussex words will be as plain to the "foreigner" as to the native himself.

"Saint Wilfred sailed to Sussex, an' he come to Selsey Bill,
An' 'there he built a liddle church upon a liddle hill ;
He taught the starving Pagans how to net fish from the sea,
An' then he them convarted to Christianitee.

CHORUS :

Oh, Wilfred was a Sussex man, a Sussex man was he,
He might ha' bin a furriner, but no such chouse was he,
Says he, "I'll be a Sussex man, no better men there be!"
So sing Hurrah, for Sussex men and Sussex by the sea!

Saint Cuthman come to Stenning, an' there he built a church,
Says he, "The wicked Devil would leave these poor men in the lurch,
But by God's blessing Stenning men through me shall come to grace,"
So he ups an' builds a mighty church in that there very pleäce.

CHORUS—Oh, Cuthman was a Sussex man, etc.

Saint Dunstan was a blacksmith who lived out Mayfield way,
He pulled the poor old Devil's nose, an' made un run away;
With his hot tongs he seized his nose; Nick flew to Tunbridge Wells,
An' cooled his nose in Tunbridge spring; that's why that water—smells!

CHORUS—Oh, Dunstan was a Sussex man, etc.

John Dudeney was a shepherd tending ship upon the 'Hill,'
He also was a larned man, wid books his mind he'd fill;
To Lewes town he brought renown, as much as he was able;
It is the truth I'm telling, though my fax till now was fable.

CHORUS—Oh, Dudeney was a Sussex man, etc.

Tom Paine, too, was a Sussex man, an' fur a sartin season,
He lived in Lewes, where he thought upon 'The Age o' Reason';
Tom didn't like religion; says he, 'I must think free,
So as England doesn't want me, I'll sail acrost the sea.'

CHORUS—Oh, Paine he was a Sussex man, etc.

Tom Tipper was a Sussex man; Newhaven give un birth,
Tom Tipper brewed the strongest beer e'en-a'most upon this earth;
I know 'tis true—I've drunk it, too—a quart is worth a pound,

If you drink that much o' Tipper beer you'll see the world go round!

CHORUS—Oh, Tipper was a Sussex man, etc.

When Shelley thought that he'd be born, he says, 'I'll bring renown
To Sussex first, an' England next,' so he chose Horsham town;
An' if you go down Horsham way you very soon will know it,
'We doänt *read* Shelley,' Horsham says, 'but still he is *our* poet!"

CHORUS—Oh, Shelley was a Sussex man, etc.

Dick Cobden went from Heyshott to the pleäce called Parlyment,
An' there he lived from yeär to yeär, an' middlin' time he spent
A-taking taxes off the corn fur to help old England's poor;
Now, boys, just raise your voices, an' join me in a roar:

CHORUS—Oh, Cobden was a Sussex man, etc.

The Devil come to Sussex dunnamany year ago,
He run up an' down the county—here an' there an to-an'-thro,
He saw the land was sweet an' fair, an' fine in every way,
Says he, 'I'll settle here fur life.'—You'll find un there to-day!

CHORUS—Oh, the Devil was a Sussex man, etc.

Now doänt you wish that you was born in Sussex by the sea,
Where every man's a famous man, as famous as can be?—
But take good comfort from the thought that 'neath the wide blue sky,
You cannot choose a better pleäce than in Sussex fur to die!

CHORUS:

For it's good to live in Sussex, the land o' brave and free,
Where men are bruff and honest—such men as you an' me;
If you weren't born in Sussex, whoever you may be,
Then come an' *die* in Sussex, sweet Sussex by the Sea!"

STATE

[This song, which was sung at the annual dinner of the Men of Sussex Society, has been set to music by Mr. J. R. Dear, Mus. Bac., Master of the Music at the Pevensey Pageant.]

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

SUSSEX PROVINCIALISMS

Adone - - - - - Have done ; Leave off.

"I am told on good authority that when a Sussex damsel says, 'Oh! do adone,' she means you to go on ; but when she says, 'Adone-do,' you must leave off immediately."

Apse - - - - - Aspen-tree.

Beazle - - - - - To bother ; to tease.

Bee Jam - - - - Honey.

Bettermost - - - - Superior.

Bine - - - - - The Hop-stalk.

Bleat - - - - - Cold as a "Bleat wind."

Bosky - - - - - Tipsy.

Coager - - - - - (Cold Cheer) A meal of cold victuals taken at noon.

Concerned in liquor - - Tipsy.

"The man wasn't drunk—only a little concerned in liquor, like—and his back was a mask where he'd slipped in the muck coming along."—Kipling's "Friendly Brook."

Dentical - - - - Dainty.

"My Master says that this here Prooshian (query Persian) cat what you gave me is a deal too dentical for a poor man's cat ; he wants one as will catch the meece and keep herself."

Dorman - - - - Window in roof.

Draggle-tail - - - - A slut.

Dunnamany - - - - I don't know how many.

"There was a dunnamany people come to see that gurt hog of mine when she was took bad, and they all guv it in as she was took with the information. We did all as ever we could for her. There was a bottle of stuff what I had from the doctor, time my leg was so bad, and we took and mixed it in with some milk and give it her lew warm, but naun as we could give her didn't seem to do her any good."

Ellet - - - - - The Elder Tree.

Ellinge - - - - - Lonely.

Fenege - - - - - To cancel; to break an engagement.

The reader cannot fail to remark that this word resembles a curious word used by Shakespeare—renege. It occurs in the well-known passage in "King Lear":

"Renege, affirm, and turn their halycon beaks
With ever gale and vary of their masters."

We are told that renege means to deny, but there would be little difficulty in making the word mean exactly what fenege expresses with the Sussex countryman.

Flit - - - - - To skim milk (from Danish, Flytter, to remove).

Flap-jack - - - - Turnover apple-pie.

Fob - - - - - To froth as beer.

Foreigner - - - - A stranger from some other part of England.

"I have often heard it said of a woman in this village, who comes from Lincolnshire, that 'she has got such a good notion of work that you'd never find out but what she was an Englishwoman, without you was to hear her talk.'"

Gansing-gay - - - - Cheerful.

Good heart - - - - Good condition.

"A garden in good heart."

Gotch - - - - - A large stone jug.

Hack-hook - - - - Hook for trimming hedges.

Hem-a-bit - - - - Not a bit.

Hob-lamb - - - - A pet lamb.

Hog-pound - - - - Pig-stye.

Huckle-my-buff - - - Beer, eggs and brandy mixed.

Hugger-mugger - - - In a slovenly and muddled manner.

Hurly-bulloo - - - - A noisy disturbance.

Lamentable - - - - Very.

"I be lamentable worried about my boy."

Leetle - - - - - Little, very little.

"I never see one of these here gurt men there's s'much talk about in the peapers, only once, and that was up at Smiffle Show adunnamany years agoo. Prime Minister, they told me he was, up at Lunnon ; a leetle, lear, miserable, skinny-looking chap as ever I see [Disraeli, I imagine]. 'Why,' I says, 'we doan't count our minister to be much, but he's a deal primer-looking than what yourn be.'"

Long-dog - - - - Greyhound.

Nestle about the house - - To work in and about the house.

Old Lawrence - - - A kind of maginary saint or fairy, whose influence produces indolence.

'I cannot get up, for Lawrence ha'e completely got holt on me."

Out-gate - - - - Uncanny or unusual.

Quiddy? - - - - *Que dis tu?*—What do you say?

Rath - - - - - Early ripe, soon.

"The July friend is a rath ripe apple."

Runagate - - - - A ne'er-do-well.

Rape - - - - - The division of a county.

Sussex is divided into six rapes, each of which has its river, forest, and castle—Hastings, Pevensey, Lewes, Bramber, Arundel, and Chichester. Rape in Doomsday Book is used for a district under military jurisdiction. The Saxon Râp signifies not only a rope, but also a measure of land. Lower in his "History of Sussex" has written:

"The word *Rape* seems to be peculiar to Sussex, unless it may be considered identical with the *Hrepp* of Iceland. That interesting island was divided into four quarters, each of which was partitioned into prefectures or sheriffdoms, and these again were subdivided into small districts called *hrepps*, consisting of families who lived contiguous to each other. Generally they were of the size of the present Icelandic parishes, and over each of these was appointed a *hreppstiori* or bailiff, who had the immediate inspection of his own bailliwick. From this it would appear that the Icelandic *hrepp* was a much less important territory than the Sussex *Rape*. The etymology of the word is uncertain; but it seems to be connected with the Welsh *rhaff*, the Anglo-Saxon *ráp*, *reap*, the Danish *reep*, *reeb*, and the Gothic *raip*, signifying a rope. It was a practice amongst the Teutonic tribes to set out allotments by means of a cord or rope, just as a modern land-surveyor employs his Gunter's chain, and in Iceland the measure of land is still by the rope."

Still Sow - - - - A cunning and selfish man.

"The still sow eats the wash or 'draff.'"

"We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old but true, 'Still swine eat all the draugh.'"

Tipler - - - - - Ale-house keeper.

Top of the house - - - To be "top of the house" is to be out of temper.

Trim-tram Gate - - - The church lich-gate. Tram means train or cortége.

Valiant - - - - From *vaillant* (French), stout; well built.

See Kipling's "Dymchurch Flit": "She was a fine, valiant woman, the Widow Whitgift."

Weather-tender - - - Wise.

Kipling's Widow Whitgift, who could tell "where lost things might be found, an' what to put about a crooked baby's neck, an' how to join parted sweethearts," would be called weather-tender.

INDEX.

A

Ainsworth, Harrison, 208.
Ale, the seven qualities of, 186.
Alfriston, 145.
"Alice Lorraine," Blackmore's, 207.
Ancient ponds, 217.
"Aurettes and Lees" (Smugglers), 158.
Appledore, 82.
Avenel, Rector (Buxted), 173.
Axon, E. A., 206.

B

"Baliff o' the Marshes," 66.
"Batemans," 34.
Beckett, Mr. Arthur, 187, 207.
Bell Inn, Burwash, 30.
Belloc Hilaire, 10, 88.
Belloc's "Washington Inn," 185, 186.
"Below the Mill Dam," 38.
Blake, William, 222.
Borde, Andrew, 117.
Brickwall, 53.
Broadwater, 211.
Brookland, 82.
"Brookland Road," 82.
Browning, Elizabeth, 22.
Bulverhythe, 107.
Burwash, 21 *et seq.*, 160.
Burwash Weald, 35.
Buxted, 173.
"Bygone Sussex" (E. A. Axon), 206.

C

Cade, Jack, 39.
Chancton Farm (Washington), 195.
Chanctonbury Ring, 191, 207.
Chichester (Old Song), 65.
Colepepper Family, 121, 219.
Collinses (Sussex Iron Masters), 33, 39.
Convent House (Wartling), 104.
"Conversion of St. Wilfrid," 33.
Cooden Beach, 102.
Corbet, Bishop, 25.
Court Lodge (Hooe), 99.
Crest of the Sussex Men, 219.
Cuthman, Saint, 236.

D

De Aquila, Gilbert, 111, 136.
Dew-ponds, 128, 216, 217.
Ditchling, 179.
Drake, "Frankie," 69.
Dudeney, John, 237.
Dudwell, River, 36.
"Dymchurch Flit," 16, 66, 107, 115.

E

Eaton's Farm (Hooe), 99.
"Eddi's Service," 227.
Egerton, Rev. J. Cocker, 32, 35, 39, 40, 42.
Elizabeth, Queen, and Rye, 75.
Etchingham, 45.

F

Fairfield Church, 94, 95.
Felpham, 221.
Firebacks of Sussex Iron, 178.
Firle Beacon, 149.
Flint Men, Dwellings of, 171.
Frewen Family, 53, 54, 55.
" Friendly Brook," 165.
Fullers of Sussex, 99, 175.

G

" Gabriel Old," the Town Bell, 164.
Gissing, George, 144.
" Gloriana," 49.
Glynde, 187.
Gundrada, 166.

H

Haley, William (Sussex Poet), 221.
" Hal o' the Draft," 29, 33, 56, 173.
" Hedger and ditcher," 219.
Henley, W. E., 208.
Heyshott, 238.
Hogge, Ralph, 173.
Hooe, 99.
Hopley, Rev. H. (Westham), 119.
Hudson, W. H., 205.
Huggett's Furnace, 174.
Hurdis, John, 160.
Hurstmonceux, 104.

I

Inns, 10.
Iron Trade of Sussex, 173, 174, 175, 176.

J

James's (G. P. R.) " Robber," 64.
James, Henry, and Rye, 77.
Jefferies, Richard, 206.
Jennings, Louis, 207.
Johnson, Doctor, 87.

K

" Knife and the Naked Chalk," 22, 193.

L

Lamb Inn (near Hooe), 100.
Lamberhurst Ale, 31.
Lees of Warminghurst, 158.
Lewes, 163 *et seq.*
Lewknor, Bunny, 120.
Little Common, 100.
Little Linden's Farm, 39.
Littlington, 145.
" Looking Glass, The," 52.
Lucas, Mr. E. V., 181.

M.

MacCarthy, Desmond, 14.
" Maide of Rie " (Old Song), 142.
Mayfield, 177.
" Mermaid Inn," Rye, 78.
Michelham Priory, 130.
" Most Sweet Song of an English Merchant," 65.
Mount Caburn, 171.

N

" Natural History of Selborne," 209.
Newhaven, 153.
New Inn (Winchelsea), 64.
Northiam, 49 *et seq.*

O

"Ovingdean Grange," 208.

P

Pagden, Florence, 148.
Paine, Tom, 237.
Pelham, Sir John, 30.
Pelham, Sir Nicholas, 135, 167.
Pevensey, 111.
Pharisees, 17, 24.
Piddinghoe, 155.
Poaching, 45.
Pond-makers on the Downs, 216.
Pook's Hill, 33.

R

"Records of Bygone Pevensey," 114.
"Rewards and Fairies," 25 *et seq.*
Ringmer, 170.
Ripe, 171.
Rodwell, 156.
Rottingdean, 153.
Rye, 69 *et seq.*

S

Salvington, 207.
Saint Dunstan, 92.
Saxon coins, 195.
Seaford, 135.
Selden, John, 207.
Selsey, 227.
Shakespeare and Sussex dialect, 220.
Shepherds, 127, 193.
Shoesmith Family, 81, 115.
Shoreham, Henley's Poem on, 208.
Silence of the Downs, The, 210.
"Simple Simon," 69, 79.
Smuggling, 43 *et seq.*
Sompting, 158.
Southdown Shepherds, 193, 211.
South Malling, 170.
Springett, Herbert, 167, 171.
Springett, Ralph, 167.
"Star Inn," Alfriston, 145, 187.
Storrington, 196.
Sullington, 158.
"Sussex Folk" (Song by Rev. Frewen Aylward), 55.
Sussex humour and disposition, 39, 40, 41, 86, 91, 218, 219, 220.
Sussex ironmasters, 173.
Sussex rustics, 219.
Sussex spirit, The, 168.
Swinburne, A. C., 204.

T

Telscombe, 157.
Thompson, Francis, 196, 197.
"Three-Part Song, A.," 82.
Tipper, Tom, the Newhaven brewer, 188.
"Tree Song," Kipling's, 75.
Trees of the Weald, 174.
Turkeys, 57.

U

Uckfield, 173.

W

Warbleton, 173.
Warenne Family, 166, 169.
Warminghurst, 158.
Wartling, Hill 103.
Washington, 185.

Webb, Geoffrey, Mr. (Mayfield), 177.
" Weland's Sword," 23.
West Dean, 141.
Westham, 119.
Weston, George and Joseph (Robbers), 64.
White of Selbourne, 170, 172.
Willingford Bridge, 37.
Wilmington Priory and " Long Man," 125, 126.
Winchelsea, 61.
" Wiper's Tower," Rye, 72.
Woodman, Richard, 173 (footnote), 178.
" Wrong Thing, The," 167.

Y

" Young Men at the Manor," 111.

Wyman & Sons Ltd., Printers, London, Reading and Fakenham.